

A STRIP with
a difference...

PRINCESS OF HEARTS

BANGA!
BANGA!
BANGA!
BANGA!

£1.50 (Yeah it's gone up again)
Not for sale to children.

CLACK! CLACK!
CLACK! CLACK!

EEOOOH
EEOS

WORLD
GACKERS
CHAMP

SORTED
FOR
'E'S AND VIZ

It's a rave with all your fave*
SPOILT BASTARD
VICTORIAN DAD **SID THE SEXIST**
lots of other shit plus
RAVEY DAVEY raves on...

*characters



The sexually explicit
Princess Di Story

BLEEP! BLEEP!
BLI-DIP!
BLI-DIP!

NINTENDO GAME BOY

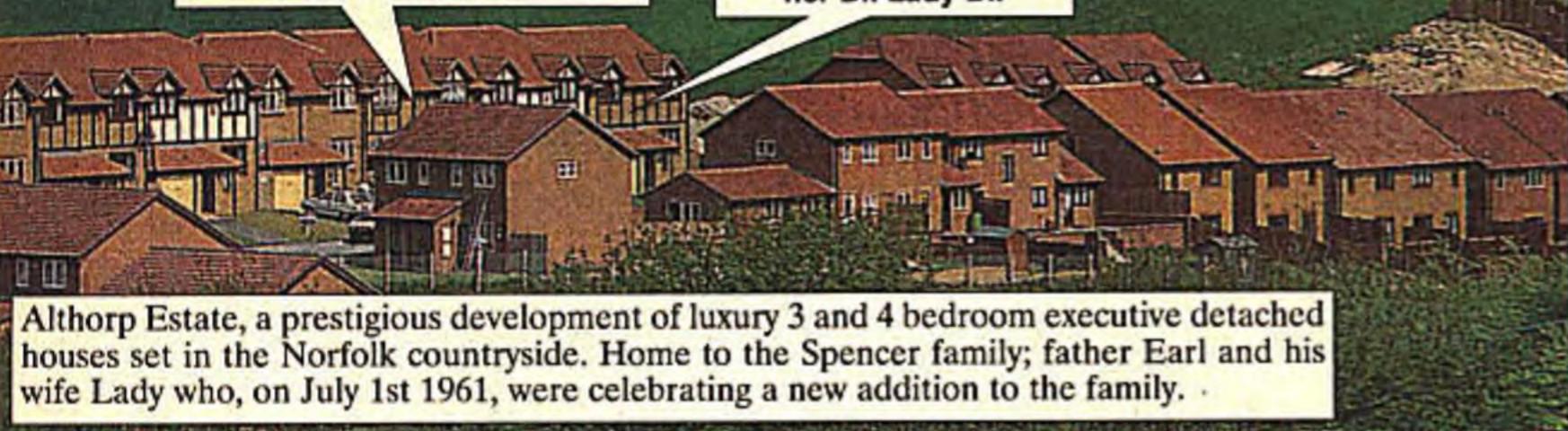


Real-life Royal photo-romance in... DIANA: PRINCESS OF HEARTS

Her true story by Andrew Motherwell Photography by Lord Snowman

Congratulations Lady Spencer.
It's a Princess.

Wonderful. We'll call
her Di. Lady Di.

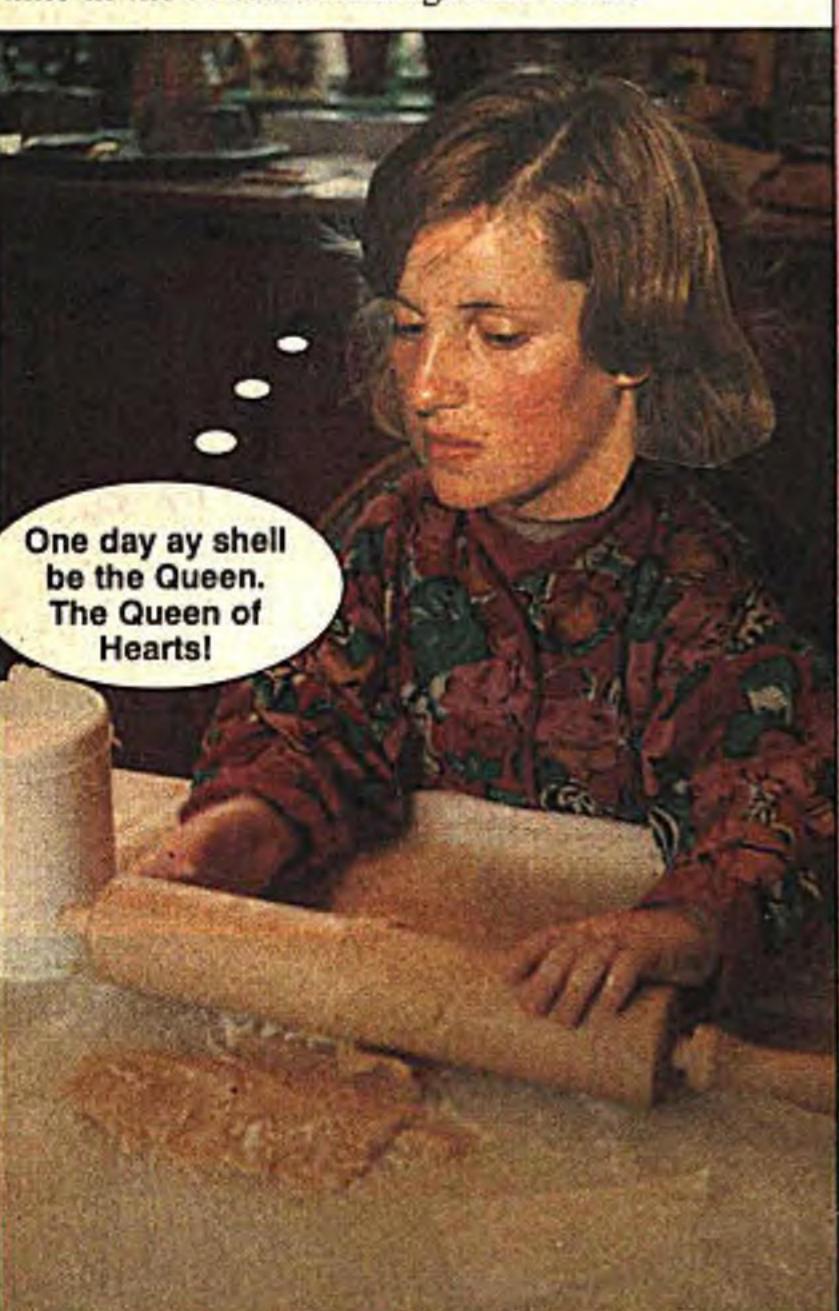


The Spencers
were well off,
and as a child
Di wanted for
nothing.

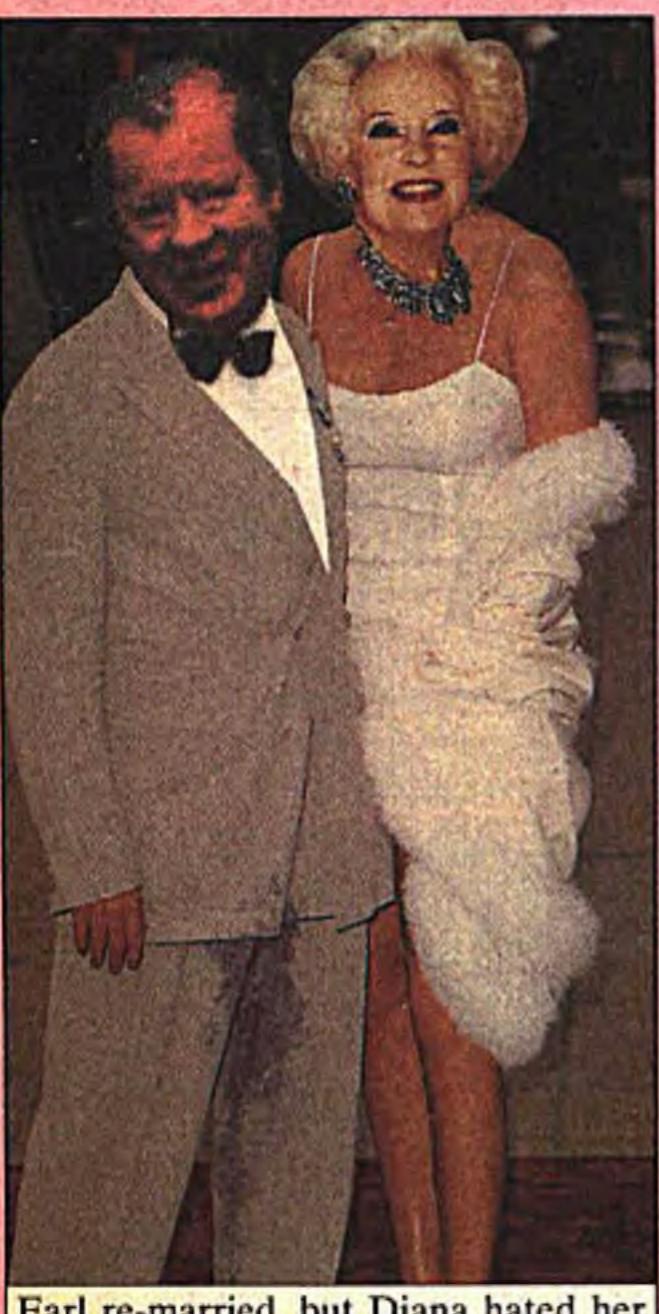
Look, one has got
you a Crown
Jewels rattle



Already she was showing signs of being a Princess of Hearts, and the young Diana spent much of her time in the kitchen making some tarts.



But, at the tender age of four, Diana's heart was broken when her mother ran off with a wallpaper salesman.



Alas, Diana had no dress to wear so she stayed at home cleaning the hearth while her ugly sister, Lady Jane Fellows, went to the ball and dined with the Prince.



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Editorial address:
House of Viz,
P.O. Box 1PT,
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Fax. 0191-281 9048

*Contributions are welcome at this address, but please show them to six friends first. If less than three of them laugh, don't bother sending them. Photocopies only please. No originals.

Editor Chris Donald
Editorial Lounge Suite
and Occasional Table
Graham Dury Simon Thorp
Simon Donald
Contributors
Davey Jones John Fardell
Simon Ecob Bear Hackenbush
off Bugs'n'Drugs's brother
Production Editor
Sheila Thompson
Office Manager
Susan Patterson

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The Publisher accepts no responsibility for failures on the part of any private advertiser to supply the goods or services offered. And neither the Printers nor the Repro house accept any responsibility for the shit reproduction of two editorial pages in the last issue.

Be them good or Be them shite - All these letters wins a kite Pen + £

Letterbooks

Good Mourning TV

I READ somewhere that when the Queen Mother (God bless her) eventually passes away the BBC and ITV will cancel all programmes for an official mourning period of nine days, and broadcast only sombre music and other 'suitable material' as a mark of respect. Nine days without any decent telly! I suggest your readers start stocking up on videos as quickly as they can. They'll be like gold dust once she pegs it.

T. O'Shanta
Dundee

They say that all property is theft. But they also say that possession is nine tenths of the law. Given that you possess all your property, theft is therefore nine tenths of the law. But try telling that to the judge next time you're up for shop lifting.

H. Mence
HMP Dartmoor

It's surely one of life's great paradoxes that having 'green fingers' means you are a good gardener, whilst having brown fingers means you can't wipe your arse properly.

M.H.
Bakewell



D. Stalker
Cambridge

Further to the letter from a Mr O'Shanta (above left). I also heard that if the Queen Mother died during the coming European Football Championships England would withdraw from the competition as a mark of respect. Respect? Personally I don't think allowing the krauts or the frogs to pick up the silverware unchallenged is particularly respectful. We may as well invite them to dance on the old dear's grave whilst waving the trophy in the air.

Letterbooks,
P.O. Box 1PT,
Newcastle upon
Tyne, NE99 1PT

Holy unacceptable

As a boozing and over the hill reprobate I have no axe to grind for the Christian establishment, however I did take exception to your piss poor joke on Christ appearing in a pool of vomit (issue 77). Cowardly and disgusting, all in one. I bet you wouldn't do a similar hatchet job on Mohammed. Chances are that if you did at very least you'd get your windows kicked in by a bunch of rabid Moslems. Better still they might call for a Fatwa and have you irreligious bastards killed outright.

W.E. Walker
Carnforth, Lancs.

* Calm down Mr Walker. If you get any more 'cross' someone might nail Jesus to you. Geddit?

Greedy Pigs

Its coming to something when schoolchildren are asked to pay £6.50 for a guinea pig - £5.45 more than the advertised price. Pet shops nowadays are simply a law unto themselves.

Mrs Ann E. Bonnet
Fareham, Hants.

Please can you tell your readers what you are going to say to your maker on the last day following your most recent religious article (issue 77). You see, we won't be there when you are called to account and somehow I don't think Christ will find you very amusing.

Print this if you dare.
Ex Viz reader
Yarm, Cleveland

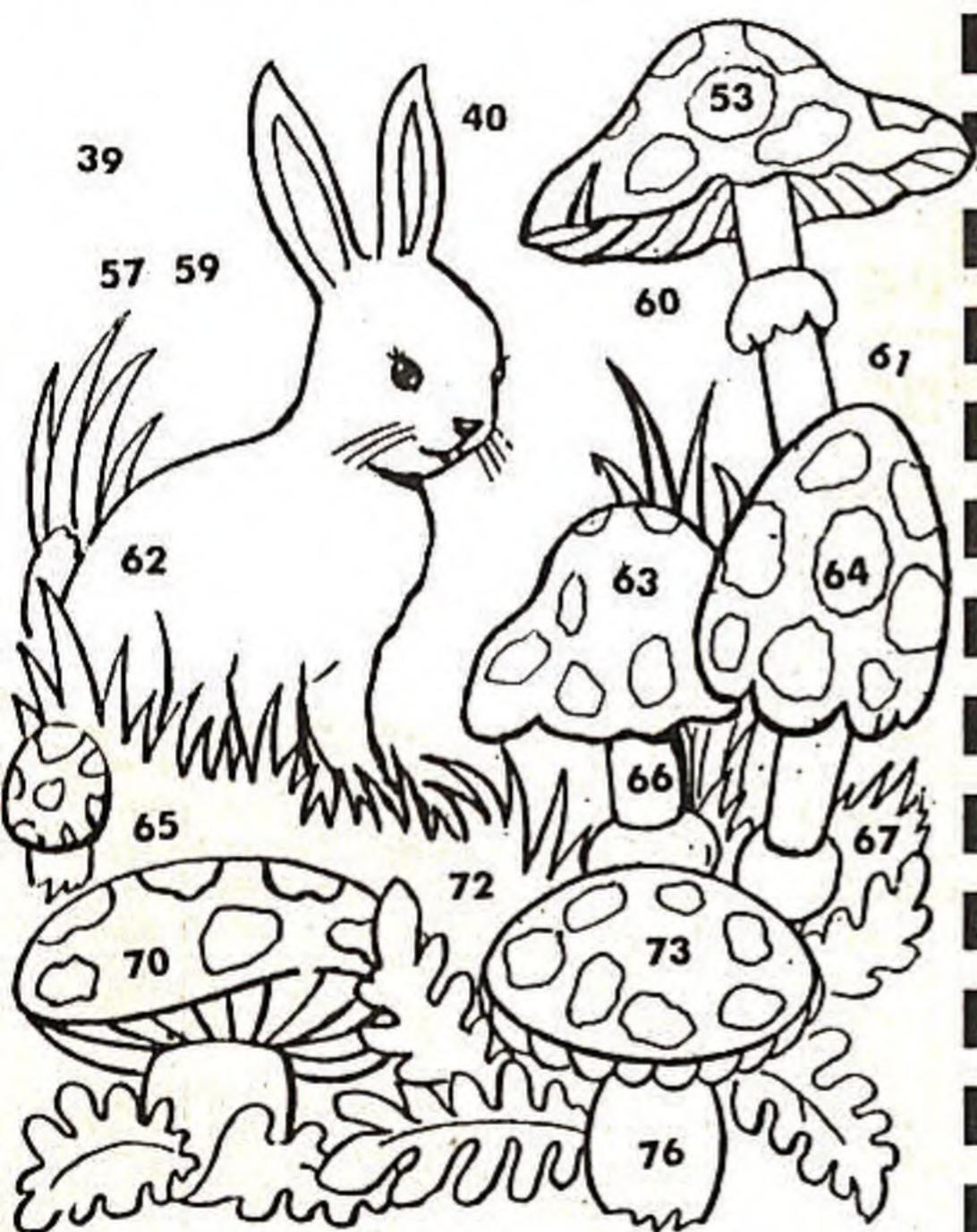
* Good question, anonymous God botherer of Yarm. What would YOU say to your maker if called to account? Perhaps theologians or Christian readers can come up with some ideas? Write to our usual address, and mark your envelope 'Meet Your Maker'. A tenner for every letter we print.



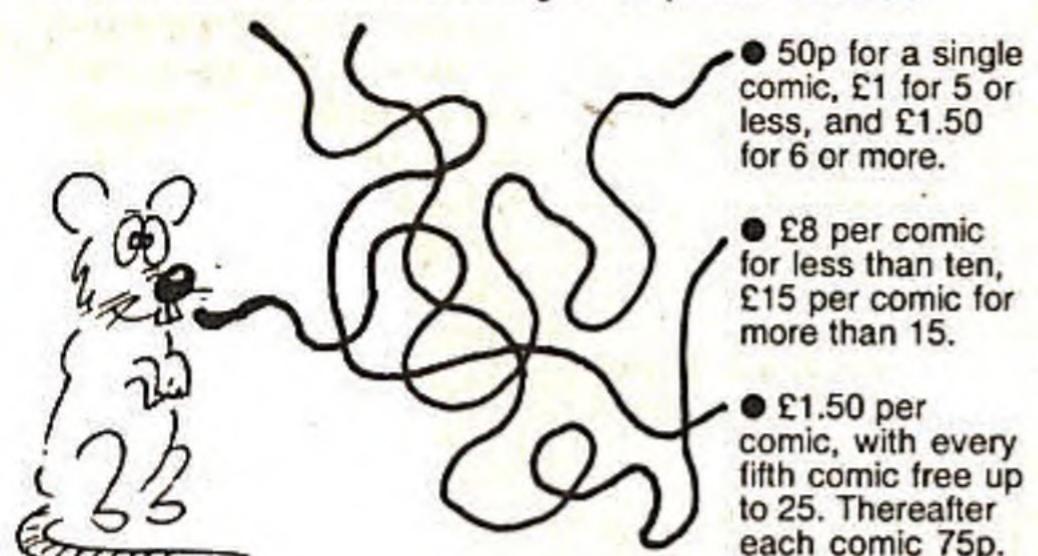
Continued...

SPOT THE BACK ISSUES

Mr Rabbit isn't sure which back issues of Viz are still available. The fairies have hidden the issue numbers amongst the mushrooms. Can you find them? When you spot the number of a back issue you require, draw a circle round it, then fill in the form below.



As well as £1.40 per comic, you also have to pay postage. Mr Mouse doesn't know how much postage to enclose. Follow the string to help him find out.



• 50p for a single comic, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more.

• £8 per comic for less than ten, £15 per comic for more than 15.

• £1.50 per comic, with every fifth comic free up to 25. Thereafter each comic 75p.

Overseas orders please pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. And overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far. So, for example, if its a tenner you simply add 50p. No, wait a minute. That's not right...

Tick, delete, speak clearly after the tone, etc.

I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd., or:

I'm with the bank of Never Never Land. Please debit my plastic.

Card No.

Expiry Date (the card, not you) Card Type

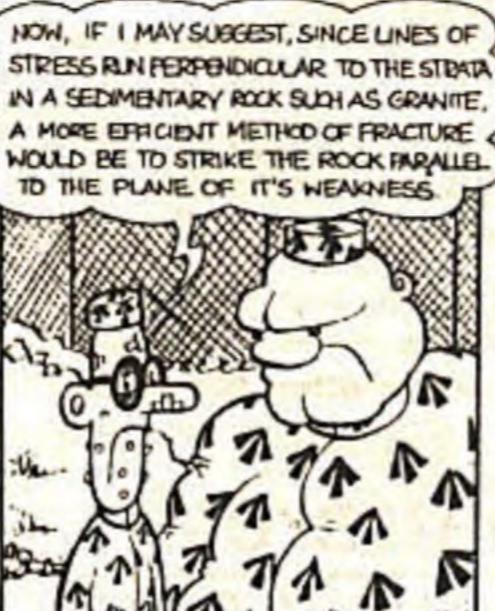
Your name and address

Post Code

Post this order form to: Viz Orders, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset, BA11 1DX. For telephone credit card orders and enquiries call (01373) 451 777. (Make a note of the number before you cut out the form). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

Continues...

Taken for granite



NOW, IF I MAY SUGGEST, SINCE LINES OF STRESS RUN PERPENDICULAR TO THE STRATA IN A SEDIMENTARY ROCK SUCH AS GRANITE, A MORE EFFICIENT METHOD OF FRACTURE WOULD BE TO STRIKE THE ROCK PARALLEL TO THE PLANE OF ITS WEAKNESS.

In issue 77, page 48, Mr Logic claims that granite is a sedimentary rock and that "a more efficient method of fracture would be to strike the rock parallel to its plain of weakness". Mr Logic is incorrect. As readers will no doubt be aware, granite is an igneous rock formed from the slow plutonic crystallisation of a fractionated magma melt and would therefore not exhibit any lineation.

Danny Chastina
Trainee Rock Scientist
St Catherine's College,
Cambridge

* Mr Logic replies: "You are correct in your initial observation however your conclusion that an igneous rock could not exhibit lineation is inaccurate. If the igneous rock in question were a metamorphosed descendant of granite, where cleavage planes have grown perpendicular to the direction of greatest principal stress, these could quite accurately be described as 'planes of weakness'." So I'm afraid you don't get £10, Mr Chastina.

Legal bad-vice

W.H. Oami's advice in issue 77 to readers who might have injured themselves as a result of listening to Gerry Marsden songs during the sixties is incorrect. Under section 33 of the Limitation Act 1980 the court has discretion to allow actions after three years. So readers could still sue Mr Marsden, or indeed Mr Oami for giving shite advice.

Colin Reigels
Inns of Court,
School of Law

"War! What is it good for?" asked Edwin Starr in his 1970 pop hit. Well Mr Starr, releasing Europe from the grip of a genocidal megalomaniac is one thing that springs to mind.

P. Pom
Harwich

Pasta joke

I am always annoyed to see the term 'spaghetti western' used to describe cowboy films. Sergio Leone, the founding father of Italian westerns, was born in Palazzo Lazzeroni, Rome, on 3rd February 1929. As any student of Italian cookery will tell you Roman cuisine is based around gnocchi (flour and potato dumplings) not the eponymous pasta variety. Spaghetti is much more common to the north, in Bologna and Firenze for example. And in any case, many of Leone's westerns were made in Almeria, Spain, where the staple diet consists of chickpeas and lentils.

Surely a more appropriate term for this film genre would be 'dumpling westerns'. Or failing that 'pulse movies', to reflect their location.

Nicholas W. Hill
York

In days of old, when knights were bold, the ruler of the land was the best swordsman and anyone who wanted to be king had to have a sword fight with him. Well, I've written to the Queen offering her a sword fight and do I get a reply? Do I fuck. If she's too old for a sword fight, fair enough, she should do the decent thing and retire, so that Prince Charles can do the sword fighting.

Sir Martin of Lambspocket
Barton on Humber

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think I am.

M.C. Helmet
Turpentine



Marsden - ferrying dubious legal advice across the Mersey yesterday.

Bringing home **the Bacon**

About three years ago you said you'd send a fiver to anyone who spotted a Viz lookalike. Well here's a picture of Mutha Bacon I came across recently. In order to facilitate the above headline I found it at work and brought it home this afternoon.

Dennis Taylor
Chigwell, Essex



In reply to Miss Nicholson of Wolverhampton (issue 77) and previous drinking boasts, I'm a girlie too and I once drank 13 pints of Guinness and didn't throw up. I have also drunk eight pints of Guinness with a Tia Maria in each (it tastes like chocolate milkshake) and didn't throw up, but I did fall asleep in the pub toilets with my trolleys round my ankles. On another occasion I drank an entire bottle of Martini and fell half naked into a river whilst having a piss. I don't have a boyfriend at the minute and I wondered whether any of your readers could afford to take me out?

Miss Nina Greaves
Mansfield

Following recent revelations about Paul Humphries out of OMD. In 1967 my father burnt Paul's tortoise in our compost heap, and I once got into trouble at school for throwing his cap onto the roof. I don't know whether he was a wanker or not, but I can reveal that the singer Andy McCluskey (my ex boyfriend) had a small prick. Thousands of them in fact. He was the owner of a large cactus collection in the late seventies.

Julia Reed (nee Kneale)
York

Hi! I'm just here to tell you about the new Viz catalogue, packed with T-shirts, mugs, books, videos & stuff. It's FREE so cut me out and send me off for it to: VIZ ORDERS, 20 PAUL ST., FROME, SOMERSET BA11 1DX.

Name

Address

You can call for a catalogue on 01373 - 451777

Wanker

Yes? Well, I went to school with Andy McCluskey out of OMD and he was a wanker for sure. He spent most of his time perusing soft porn in the art master's store room, along with his cronies from the prefecture. And he was also an active hunt saboteur. Enough said?

I.J.Heswall
Wirral, Merseyside

Sincerest porn of Slattery



On the subject of stars and their wank mag collections I didn't go to school with him, but I did see Tony Slattery (the fat one out of Who's Line Is It Anyway?) buying a wank mag from a news stand in Piccadilly Circus last month. And good for him. There's nothing wrong with that.

David Cameron
London SE22

My father always believed that laughter was the best form of medicine. Perhaps that's why so many of our family died from tuberculosis.

J. Thanin
St Ratford

It is ironic that the small 'goaty' beards sported 100 years ago by intellectuals and artists such as Einstein and Van Gogh are now worn with pride by a bunch of idiots who wouldn't know how to tie their bastard shoe laces.

Mr L. Nelson
Stockton, Cleveland

Pedants Parade

Roger Fenton (issue 77) is not a pedant, he's a prat. As every schoolboy knows, 'between' is a preposition - so any personal pronouns it governs will take the accusative case. In other words Tony Blair was perfectly correct to say "That's the difference between him and me".

John Fletcher
Birmingham

Yes, Mr Fenton is a proper berk. As well as getting his pronouns in a muddle, he generously offered to "half" his pedant prize money. You don't 'half' a total, you 'halve' it. So I hereby claim Messrs. Goodman, Walker and Fenton's £10s, making thirty quid in all. No, on second thoughts you can use it to buy a dictionary for Mr Logic so he can spell "surmised" and "licensing" properly in future.

T.D.H. Scott
Repton, Derby

To be as clever as Mr Roger Fenton (issue 77) your readers needn't go to grammar school. Eating 'Happy Shopper' beefburgers for twenty years would probably do the trick.

Bernard McEwen
Sandhurst, Surrey

Yanky doodle not so dandy

As an expatriate stuck out here in the States I await each copy of Viz with great anticipation. But it annoys me that by the time it arrives it's too late for me to enter any of the competitions because the closing dates only allow time for readers in Britain to respond. Please will you either extend your competition closing dates, or send me my copy of Viz by Air mail.

Les Roth
Baltimore USA

* Unfortunately it is not practical for us to extend our competition closing dates for the benefit of one whining expatriate. Instead here is a special competition purely for the benefit of Mr Roth. Are you ready Mr Roth? Simply answer the following question:

Which famous American Colonel was defeated at the Battle of Little Big Horn?

- (a) Colonel Custer
- (b) Colonel Custard
- (c) Colonel Mustard, in the conservatory, with a candle stick.

You've got as long as you like to answer, but don't take too long. We've bought your prize - a McDonalds cheeseburger with regular fries - and it's already started to go cold.

In response to T. Woolley's letter (issue 77). Yes mate, you're dead right. You Northerners CAN drink more than us Southerners, for the simple reason that you lot need to be fucking steamed to shag the assortment of pigs and donkeys you've got for women up there. See that bird pictured over on the left? Her with the tattoos. That's your girlfriend that is, Mr Woolley.

Bergie
Surrey

Prolapse of Concentration

Next time Uri Geller asks TV viewers at home to put a spoon on top of their TV and concentrate on trying to bend it, instead of concentrating on the spoon lets all concentrate on Uri prolapsing and see what happens.

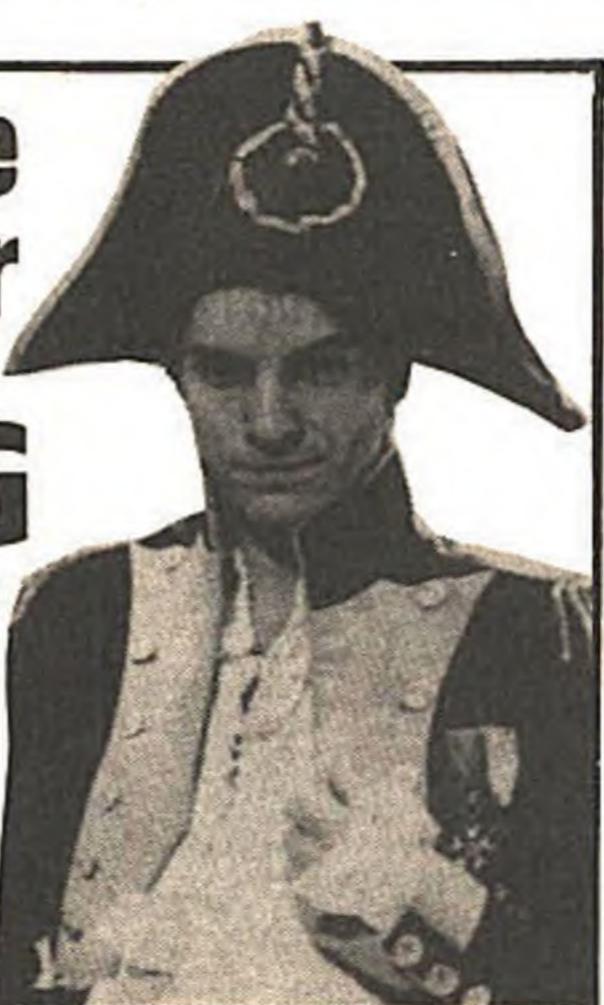
Simone Glover
Tottenham

Continued...

My Fave Dictator Number 51 STING

"I admire Napoleon and the way he invented metric and tried to conquer Russia in the olden days when it was snowing."

Next week: Ted Nugent talks about Hitler.



Continues...

He's got a pine-apple, in his hand

Please find enclosed a picture of Tony Hadley (out of Spandau Ballet) being presented with his very own 'Gold' Pineapple in the light of your advertisement (issue 77). To cut a long story short Tony, now 62 and very much an *old* romantic, is currently starring as teenager Johnny Malone in Chugga Looga Baby, a screen homage to the fifties teen movies being made for the Fuji Film Awards to be held at BAFTA later this year. Perhaps in years to come Tony, who still always believes in his soul, will be swapping his gold pineapple for an Oscar.

Kate Vale
Ah-huh-huh Films
Sheffield



Popular singer turned actor Mr. Tony Hadley (right), out of Spandau Ballet, is pleased to receive a Gold pineapple off some bloke in Sheffield yesterday.

Reuters

THE BROADCASTING COMPLAINTS COMMISSION

Complaint from Simon Mayo and Radio One - Summary of Adjudication

The complainant alleged that during The Late Martin Kelner Show on the BBC North Night Network Martin Kelner copied Mr Mayo's material; namely a telephone game show called 'Dead or Alive'.

The Commission noted the unmistakable similarities between the two items and concluded that Mr Kelner must have acquired a time machine and travelled back through time to 1989 in order to broadcast his version of the game show several years before Mr Mayo thought it up, making it funnier by changing the name to 'Brown Bread' and playing humorous 'farmyard animal noises' in the background for added comic effect.

That being so, the Commission finds in Mr Mayo's favour, and his complaint is accordingly upheld.

You can get a copy of the full adjudication by sending a stamped addressed envelope to: Broadcasting Complaints Commission, 5 - 8 The Sanctuary, London SW1P 3JS.



In the last issue we asked you to nominate any celebrities who you've met in the flesh and found to be right cunts, as it happened. Here's your nominations so far.

Diddy tip? Diddy fuck

I believe tax dodging, tickle stick wielding motor mouthed funny man Ken Dodd is a cunt and a half.



He did a panto years ago in Oxford and at the end of a good run he left the theatre staff a paltry tip of 2/6d (half a crown) to have a drink. Between 85 of us! Meanwhile he was stuffing tenners by the suitcase full into his wardrobe.

J.R. Johnson
Kidlington, Oxford

The biggest celebrity cunt in Buckinghamshire must be Lewis Collins, that roll necked, pouting wanker from 'The Professionals'. He used to frequent the Ivy House pub in Chalfont St. Giles where he had his very own stool at the bar.



Jet disaster



My nomination for the unluckiest man in the world must surely be Jet Harris out of The Shadows. Once in his entire lifetime Sir Cliff Richard shags a bird, and who does he choose? Poor old Jet's missus. Perhaps any mathematicians among your readers could tell us what the odds of that happening were. I wish I'd had a fiver on it, that's for sure.

A. Capp
Rochdale

Whenever girls came in he'd put on his pout, raise his eyebrows and talk in a deep voice. As if that wasn't bad enough his TV co-star Martin Shaw lived locally too. All we needed was that dead Scottish bloke off the Fine Fare adverts and we'd have had the whole fucking lot of them living in Amersham.

Tango Man
Amersham, Bucks.

Me, I worked at a top radio station in West London and met lots of different celebrities every day. My 'celebrity cunt' is Gary Moore, ex Thin Lizzy. He was the most arrogant, tosser I've ~~THIS LETTER~~ ~~HAS BEEN~~ ~~PARTLY~~ ~~OBSCURED~~ ~~id~~ his mana ~~... a~~ a rude, aggressive, self-important little twat. I've never met a bigger pair of cunts in my life. All the other guests were pretty nice though.

Kirsty Wood
West Ham, E15

Carry On Being a Cunt



Kenneth 'Ooh matron' Williams was a right cunt. When I worked in a menswear department in London I had to measure him up for a suit, and he treated me (and everyone else in the shop) like shit.

A.D. Hayes
Maldon, Essex

Golden Lady? My arse!

I wish to nominate Sheila Ferguson, one of the former 'Three Degrees', as a celebrity cunt. I am a chef in the RAF and she once performed a show for us on Ascension Island. I had to cook fillet steak and chips for her and, I can tell you, she was a right cunt. Please donate my tenner to that bloke out of Amen Corner and his Convoy of Hope.

SAC A. Sloan
RAF Ascension Island

* Keep those nominations coming to our usual address. You can nominate any celebrity at all, providing that (a) you actually met them, and (b) they were a cunt.

Barry Ryvita
London N8

TOP TIPS

FISHERMEN. A dead rabbit makes an ideal 'grow bag' for maggots.

Pam Anahat
Huddersfield

DIRTY carpets? Make your own 'Hoover' by fixing door draft excluder brushes to the blades of an old petrol lawn mower.

Sam Brairo
Truro

GIVE your clothes that 'Elvis sparkle' by allowing a snail to crawl all over you.

J. Elvis
Jarrow

GENTS. After visiting the barber remove hairs from the back of your neck by inflating a balloon, rubbing it on your jumper in order to charge it with static electricity, and then gently brushing it along the collar line and around your ears.

B. Derby-Hatt
Luton

CHEFS. When fixing together the pieces of a broken cake dry pasta spirals make perfect 'screws'.

JT
Morpeth

AVOID paying for Orange Maid ice lollies at your local newsagents by buying a lottery ticket, casually taking the lolly from the freezer and then ranting on about how cheap BT are in a grating cockney accent, before walking out the door unchallenged. It works for that stumpy no-neck Bob Hoskins twat every time.

Ally Fox
Donny

OFFICE workers. Top up that fading holiday tan during quiet moments by lying naked on the photocopier and pressing the 'copy' button.

Mark Anderson
West Hampstead

OLD FOLK. Keep your living room warm in winter by plugging in your electric iron and using it as a door stop.

Michael Harby
Bakewell

Weigh in your words of wisdom. We pay £5 CASH per sentence, plus a unique 'Top Tips' pen. ('Unique' in that we only had 1,000 made.) Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT

CREATE the effect of 'weightlessness' in your own home by carrying your wife (or husband) around on your shoulders all day. After tea, put them down. For a few seconds you will have the same feeling of weightlessness, or 'micro gravity', experienced by astronauts in space.

Sue Wester
Gloucester

CLAUSTROPHOBICS. Reduce the risk of panic when entering a lift by looking through the wrong end of a pair of binoculars.

T. R. Ilbey
Hattington

HEELS from an old pair of shoes are the ideal shape for blocking up mouse holes in your skirting board.

Tom Boler
Brimsford

GIVE yourself an 'Elvis style' lip by knotting a piece of cotton thread and lodging it between your two front teeth, pulling it tight and then wrapping the other end several times around your ear.

B. Idol
Hospital, Hollywood

AGROPHOBICS. Feel more comfortable in large open spaces by looking the right way through a pair of binoculars.

T. R. Ilbey
Hattington

GIVE your pet tortoise protective 'bull bars' by slipping the wire off a champagne cork over his head.

J. Bobble
Tinsley

RESTRING that old tennis racket with piano wire. Hey presto! A "chipper" for potatoes, carrots, boiled eggs etc. which also allows you to practice your serve whilst cooking.

John Tait
Thropton

AMAZE your neighbours by tight rope walking across your clothes line without the use of a safety net. Simply thread the clothes line through short sections of hosepipe glued to the bottom of your shoes. Providing your shoe laces are tied tightly, falling off is impossible.

M. Board
Romney

CONVERT any old hat to a smart 'Sherlock Holmes' style deer stalker by draping a pair of socks down over your ears before donning the hat. Remember to catch the socks when your hat is doffed.

Robert Stetson
Jedburgh

READ 'Exchange & Mart' from cover to cover while sitting on the toilet. When you eventually get up and try to walk on your numbed legs you will find your legs swaying and gyrating, just like Elvis.

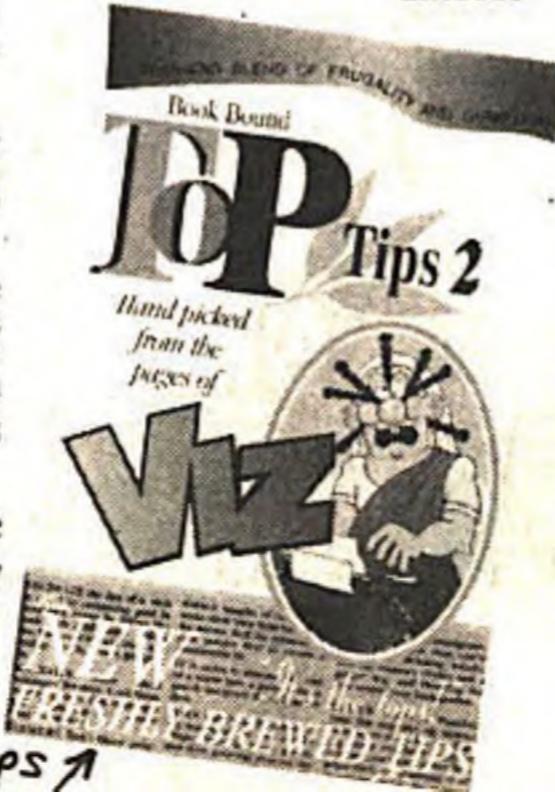
F. Starr
A pub somewhere

STEEL wool moistened with a drop of oil is ideal for wiping baby robots bottoms with.

JT
Northumberland

FILL a flat fish with hot butter last thing at night and it makes an ideal hot water bottle. Wake up in the morning and 'voila!' A ready cooked kipper for breakfast in bed.

Barry Clarver
Exeter



Gosh! I'm so hot for YOU!

Phew! It's so hot in my little Viz Subscriptions office I've had to open the windows and loosen my clothing a little. I've been busy sending out copies of Viz and I'm all hot and sticky. I've been using a copy of the next issue to fan myself with. Now I'm sitting on it and it's all warm and moist. Would you like me to send it to you? Yes? Then take out a subscription right away. A year's supply (6 issues) only costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). A two year supply (12 issues) costs £18.00 (£24.80 overseas). Just fill in the form below and enclose a cheque or postal order for the correct amount, and I'll take this special comic out from under my bottom and post it off specially to you! But you'll have to hurry before someone else gets it.

Luv and Kisses Sally

A FREE FAT SLAGS BOOK TOO!

As well as the copy of issue 79 from under Sally's arse every new subscriber will receive a FREE Fat Slags book worth £4.99. So don't delay, subscribe today. You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6 per year (£7 overseas).

Dear Sally
Please send me a subscription starting issue to be sent to:
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(If you do not know your address, ask your postman).
If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.
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Address
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Sally was wondering how you will be paying. Tick one box only:
 I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.
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Card No.

Expiry date/...../.....
Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6096), Frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. The postage is on us, if posted in the UK.

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people whose phone number is divisible by twelve.)

I'm hot for you too!



Hi, I'm Sheila. I'm hot too and Bruce the shepherd will be shearing me later. I'll send you a lock of wool from next to my arsehole (while stocks last) if you subscribe today. 6 issues cost \$21, or 12 for \$42. Free Fat Slag book offer also applies. Write to Sheila, 9 Palm Avenue, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Cheques payable to 'Fortean Times'.

Please tick here if you would prefer your name and address not to be sold to every bloody mail order company in the world making your door mat into a fire hazard because of all the piles of unsolicited shit you'll receive every day.

A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

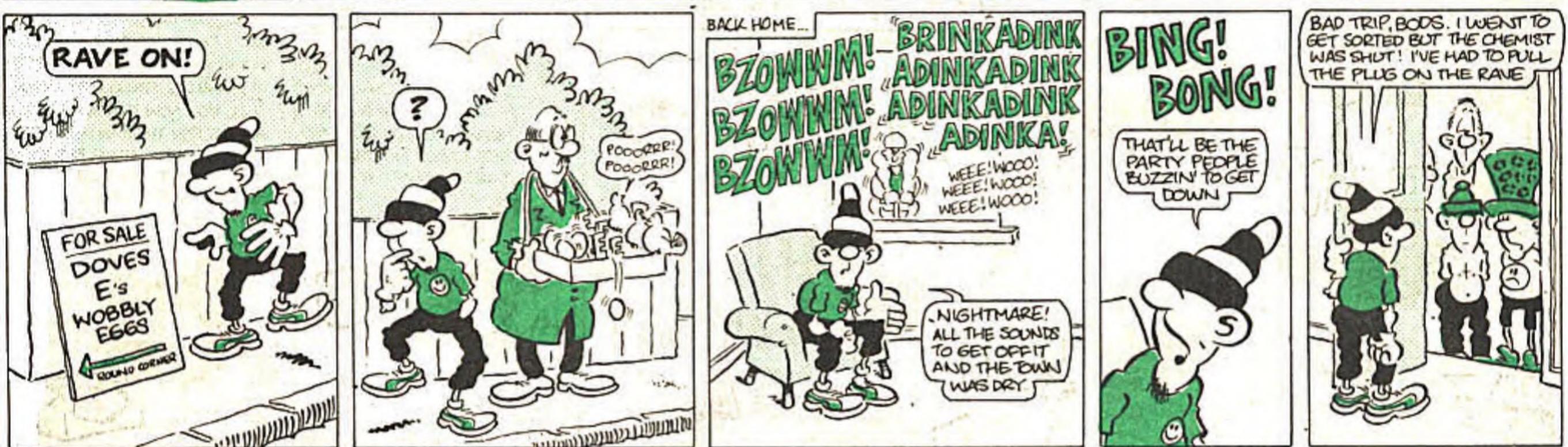
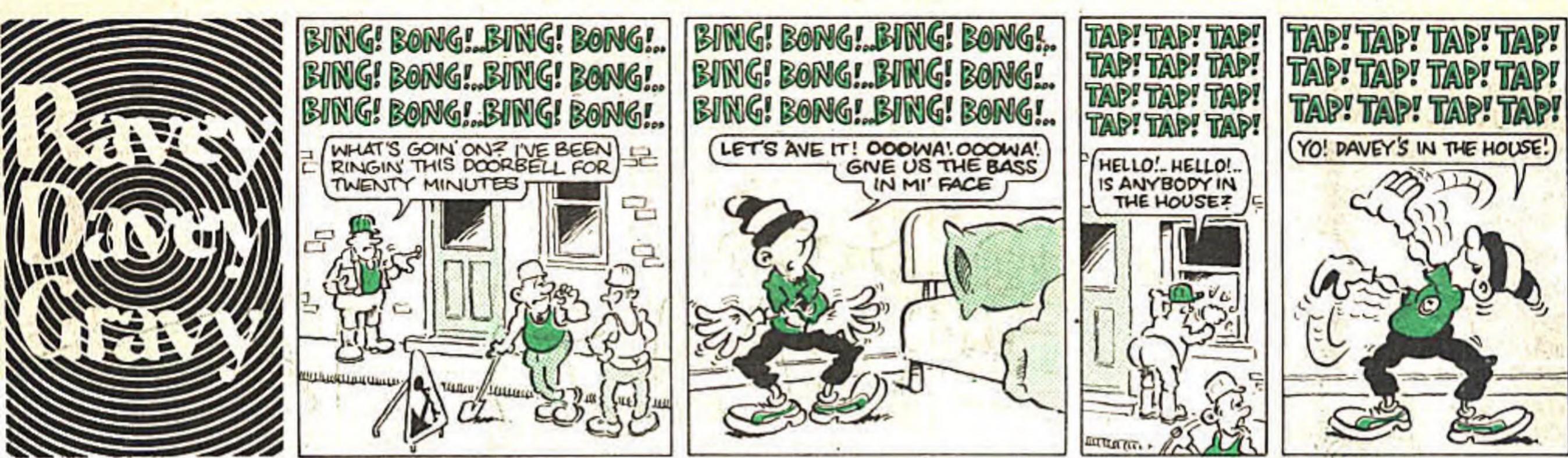
Hello. Unfortunately the man who used to have the shop has gone under, so I got the lease cheap. We've never run a shop before but me and the wife reckon we can make a go of it. Old fashioned friendly service, that's what it takes. We're going to smile at all the customers (at least for the first two weeks), open longer hours, smatter the place up, sell Cuppa Soups and things like that. Yes, we've got big plans. Now then... what was it you wanted again?

This top tips book (and another one as well) are for sale in the shops

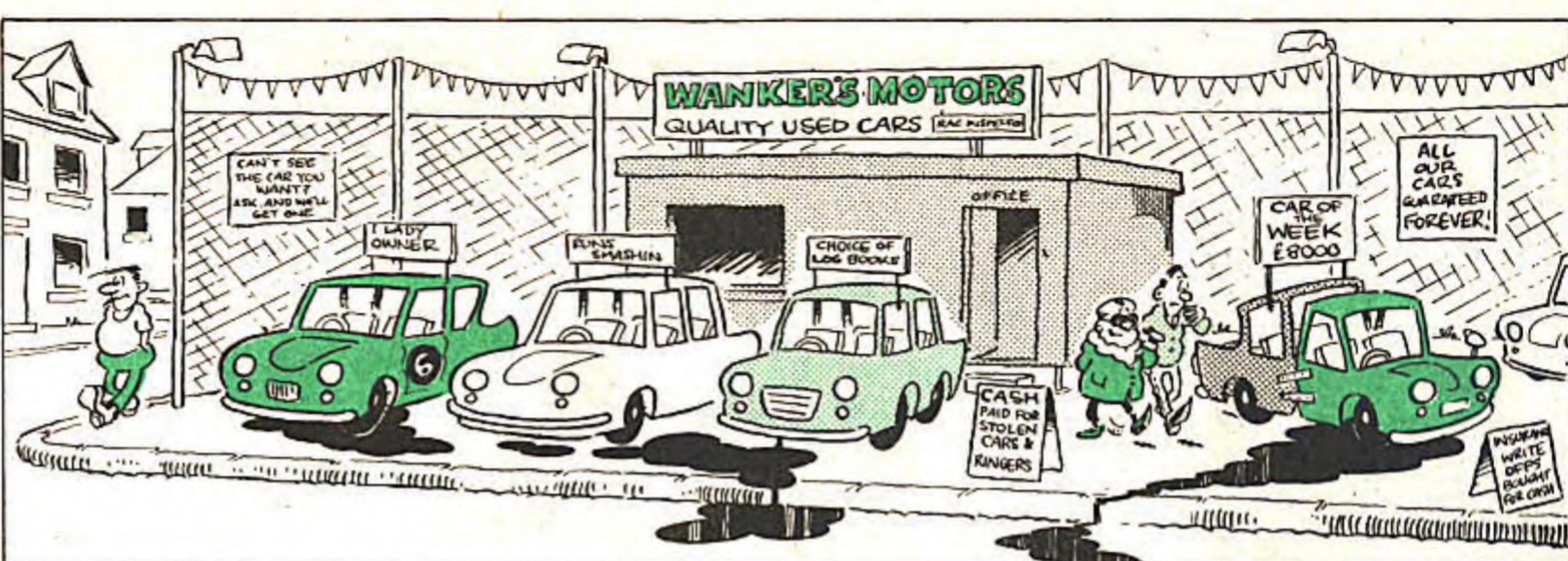
The S EX K I D

THIS COMIC IS FOR ADULTS





COCKNEY WANKER



Continued from page 3

DIANA: PRINCESS OF HEARTS

The unhappy Diana was sent to Finishing School, an expensive boarding school for girls in Switzerland. But her mind was elsewhere, and during lessons she would day dream endlessly about being the Queen.

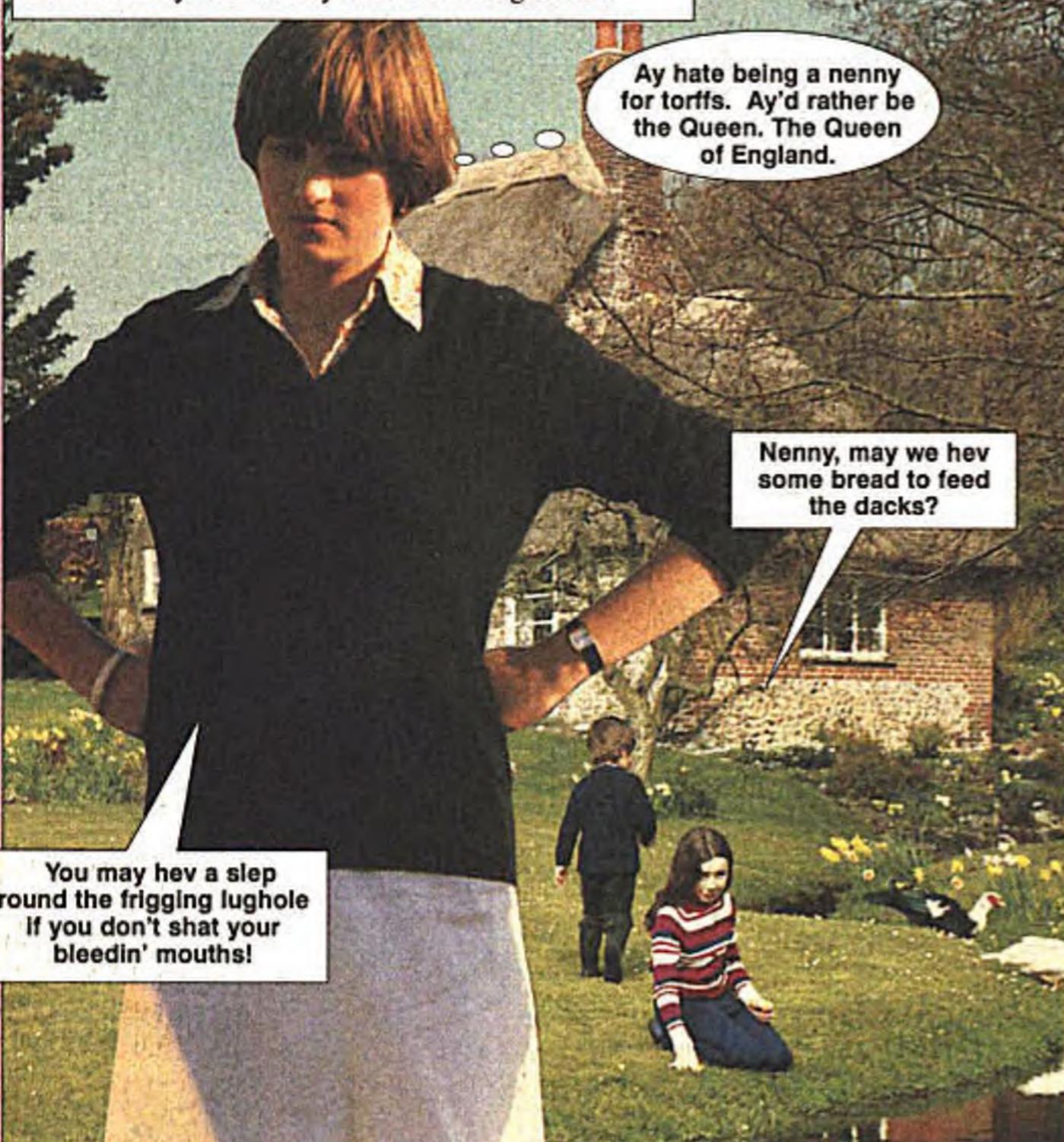


Lady Diana, pay attention. The headmaster wants to see you in his study



These exam results are dreadful. What career did you have in mind, Miss Diana?

With her poncy background Diana was ideally suited to being a nanny for toff children. But her heart was never in the job. One day in the kinder garden...



Meanwhile at Buckingham Palace the Queen has summoned Prince Charles to see her.



Charles, if you don't get married soon people will think you're a shirt lifter



That evening the Queen looked into her magic mirror.



The magic mirror spoke...

"There is but one who's worth a try, a posh nann-ny called Lady Di. She's probably your son's best bet, Cos' no-one's popped her cherry yet."

And in the mirror Diana's face appeared.

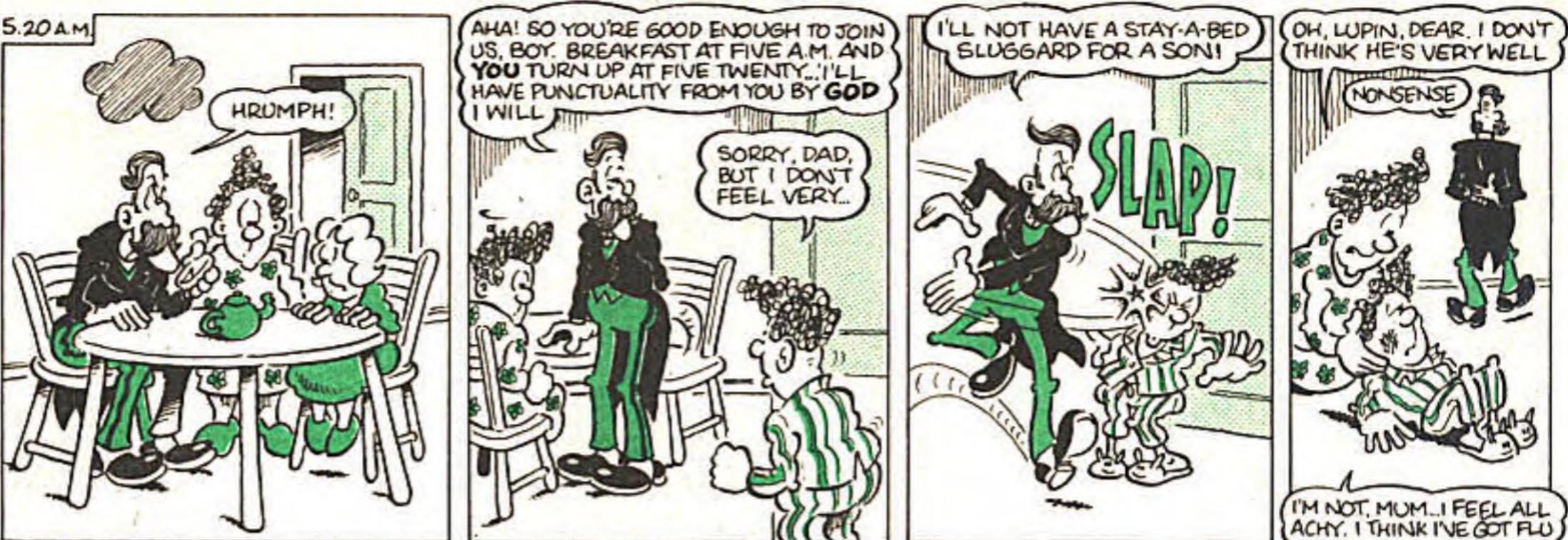


Ha ha ha! At long last I've found her. Bring the virgin to me!



The story continues, and REALLY does start to get sexy, on page 26.

Victorian Dad

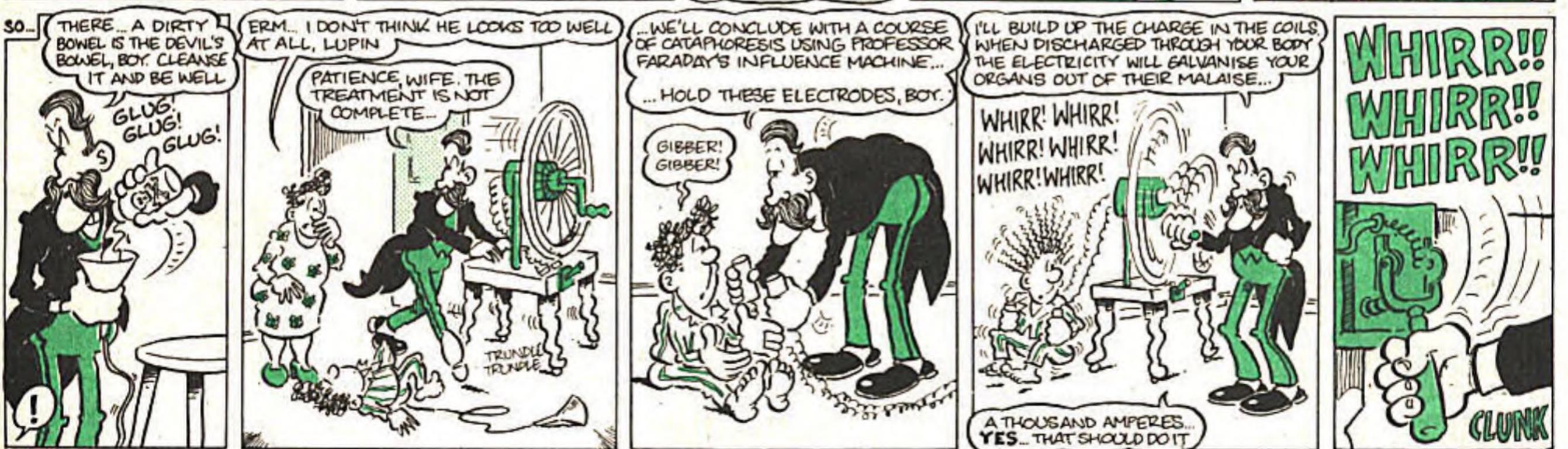
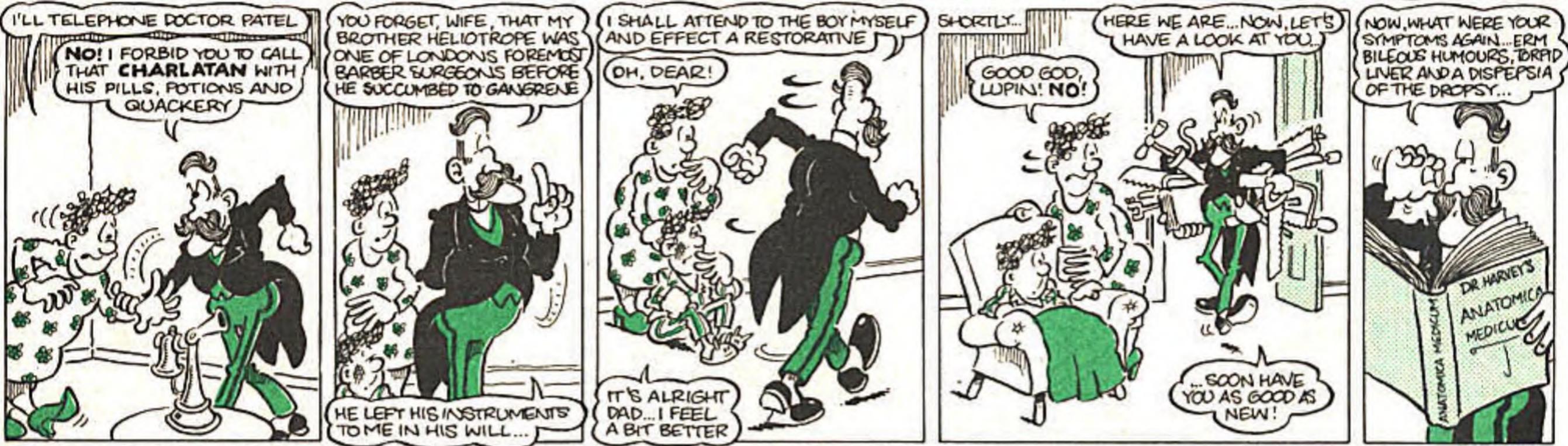


I'LL NOT HAVE A STAY-A-BED SLUGGARD FOR A SON!

OH, LUPIN, DEAR. I DON'T THINK HE'S VERY WELL

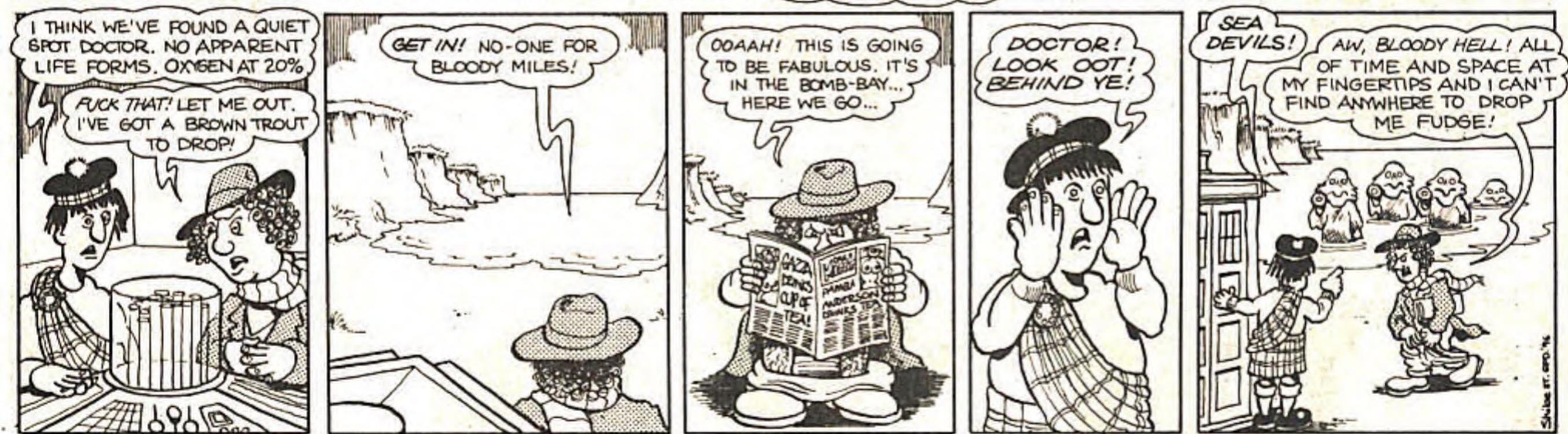
NONSENSE

I'M NOT, MUM... I FEEL ALL ACHY. I THINK I'VE GOT FLU

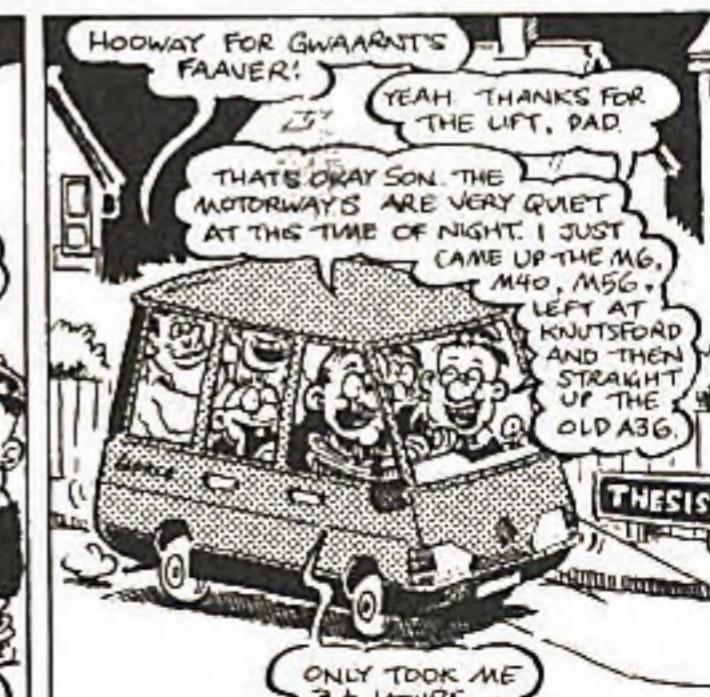
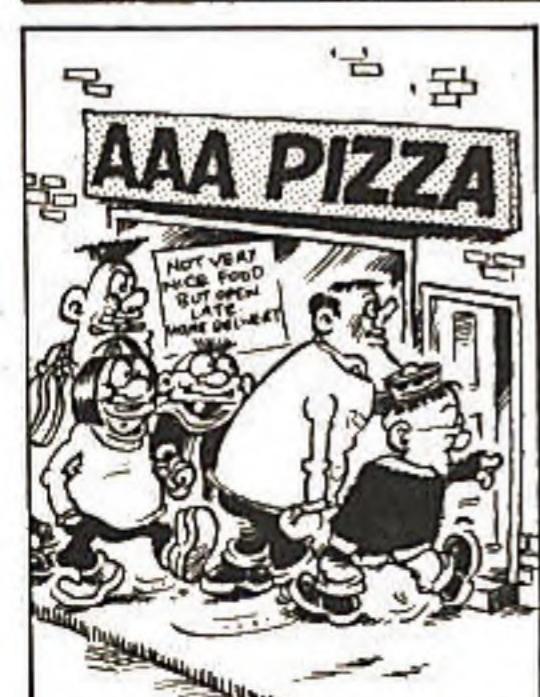


DOCTOR POO

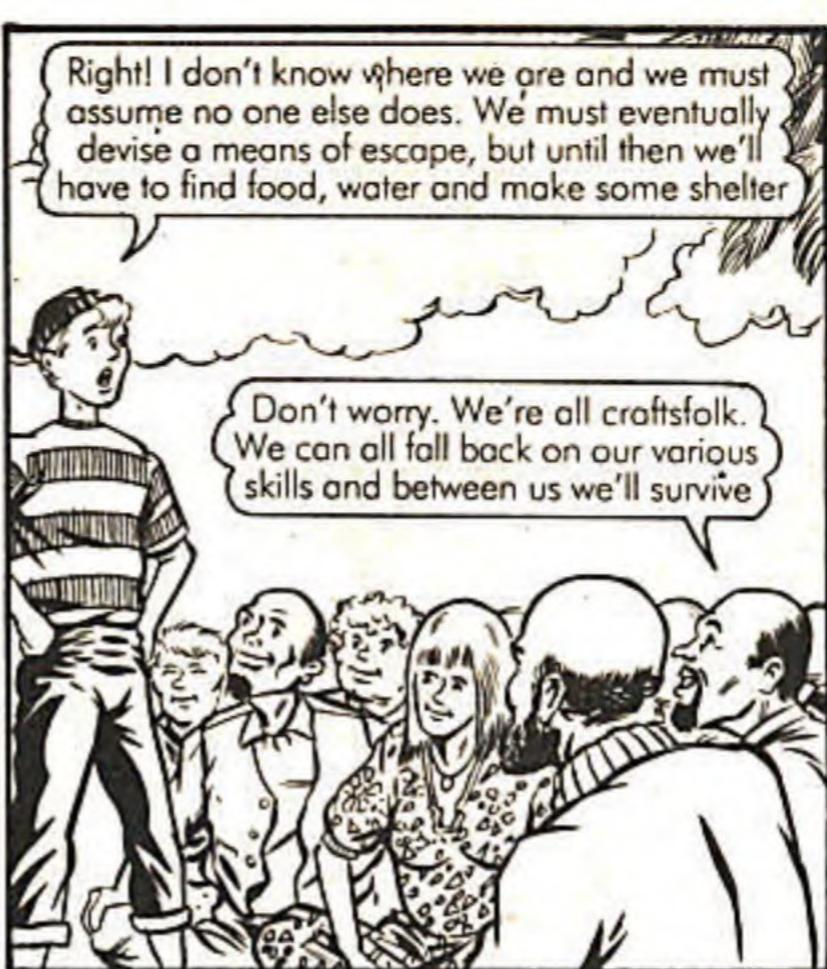
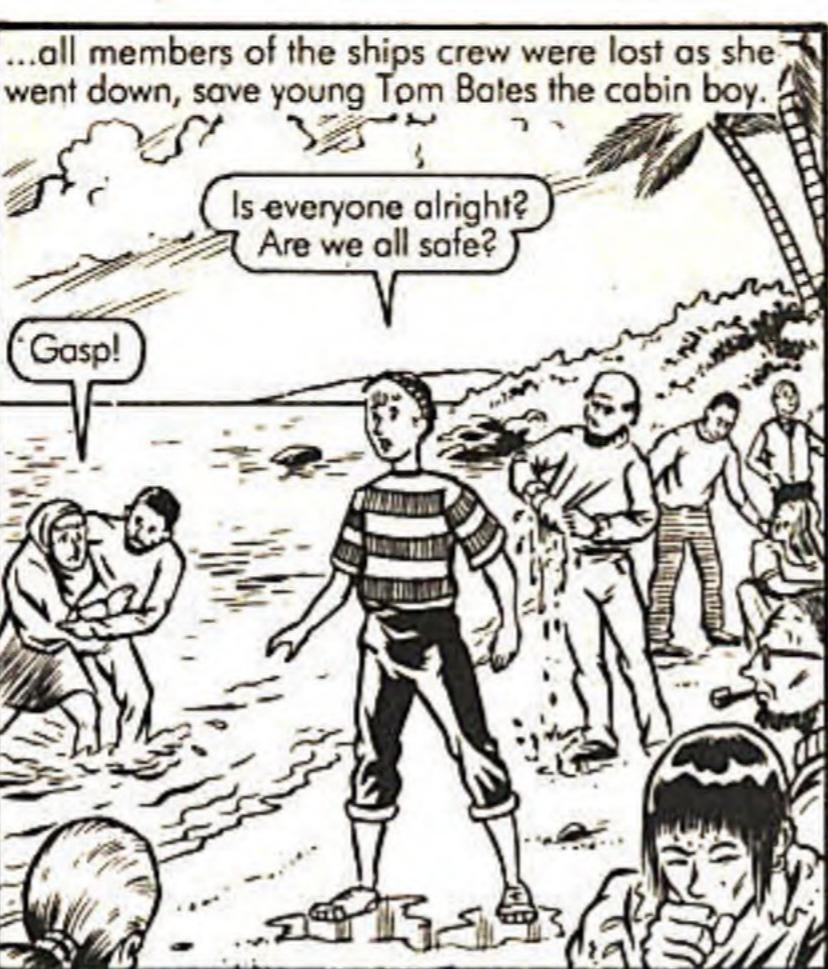
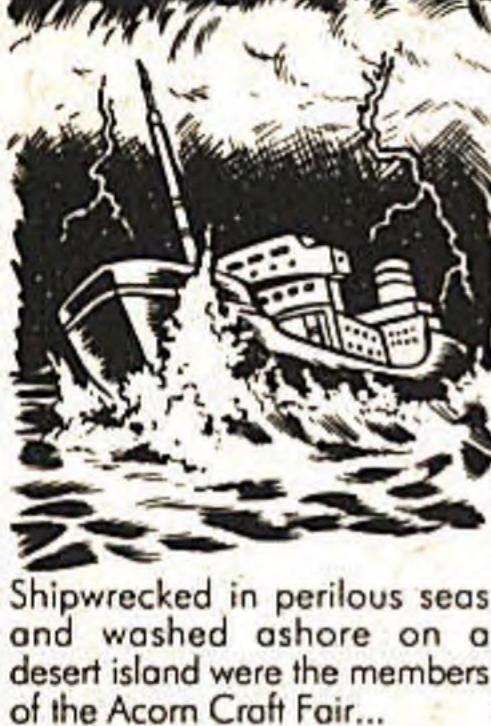
TRAVELLING THROUGH
SPACE AND TIME
TRYING TO FIND
SOMEWHERE TO HAVE
A BIG SHIT



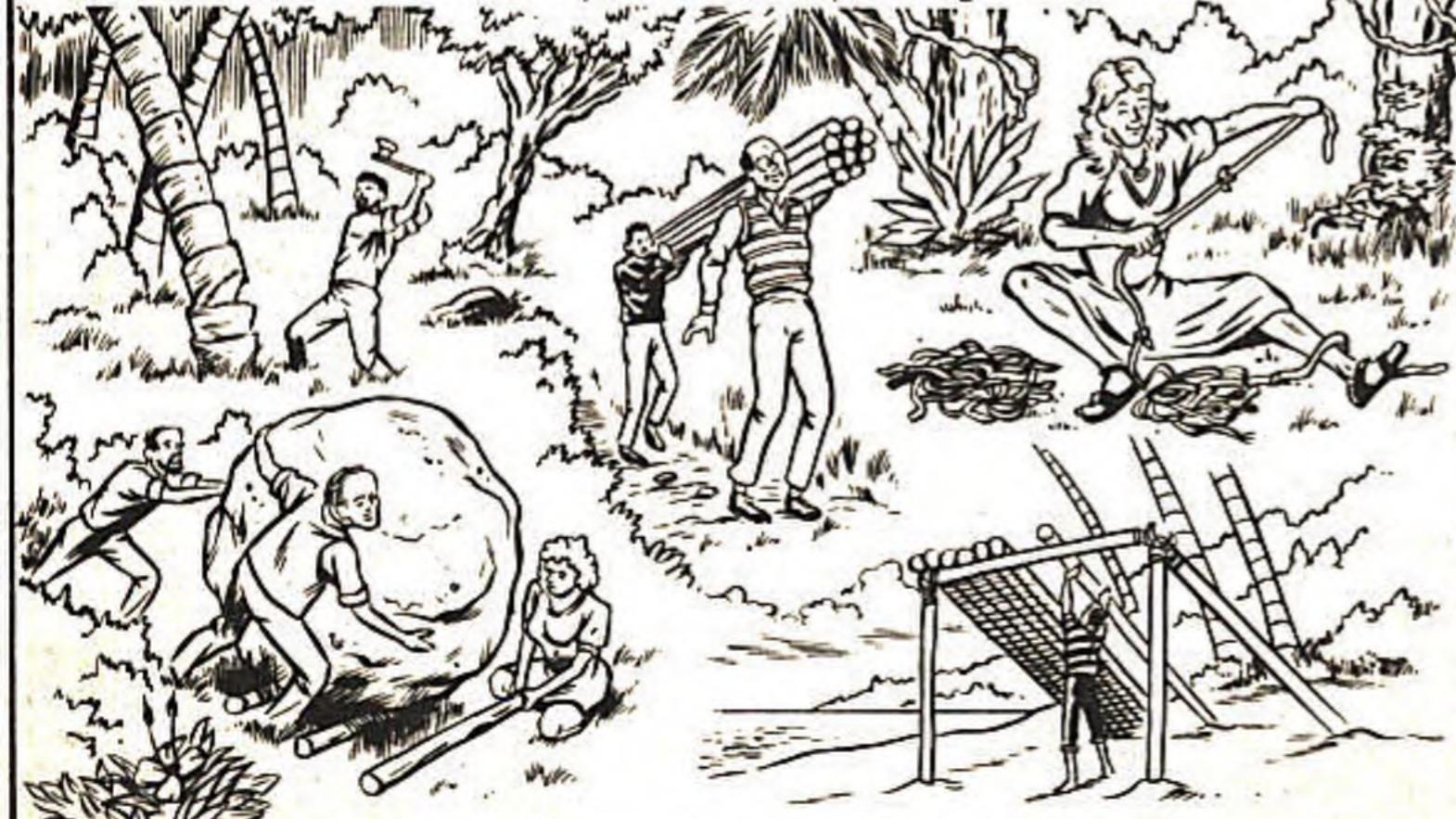
STUDENT GRANT

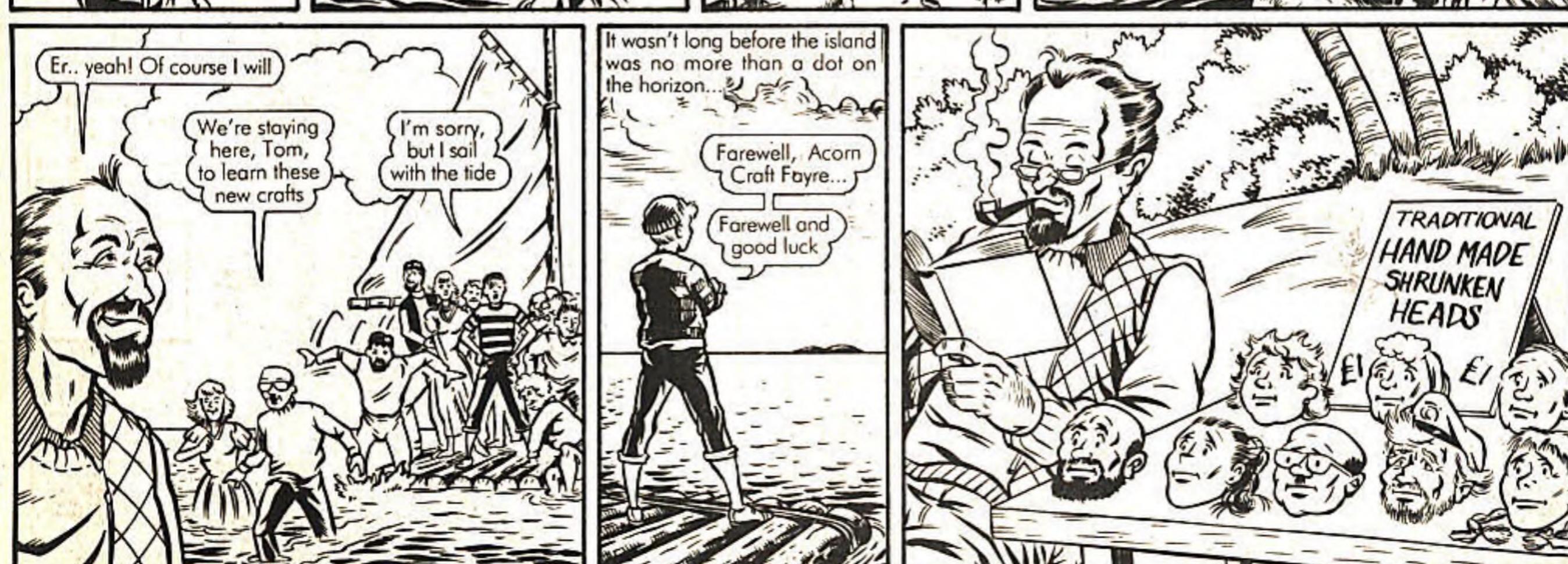
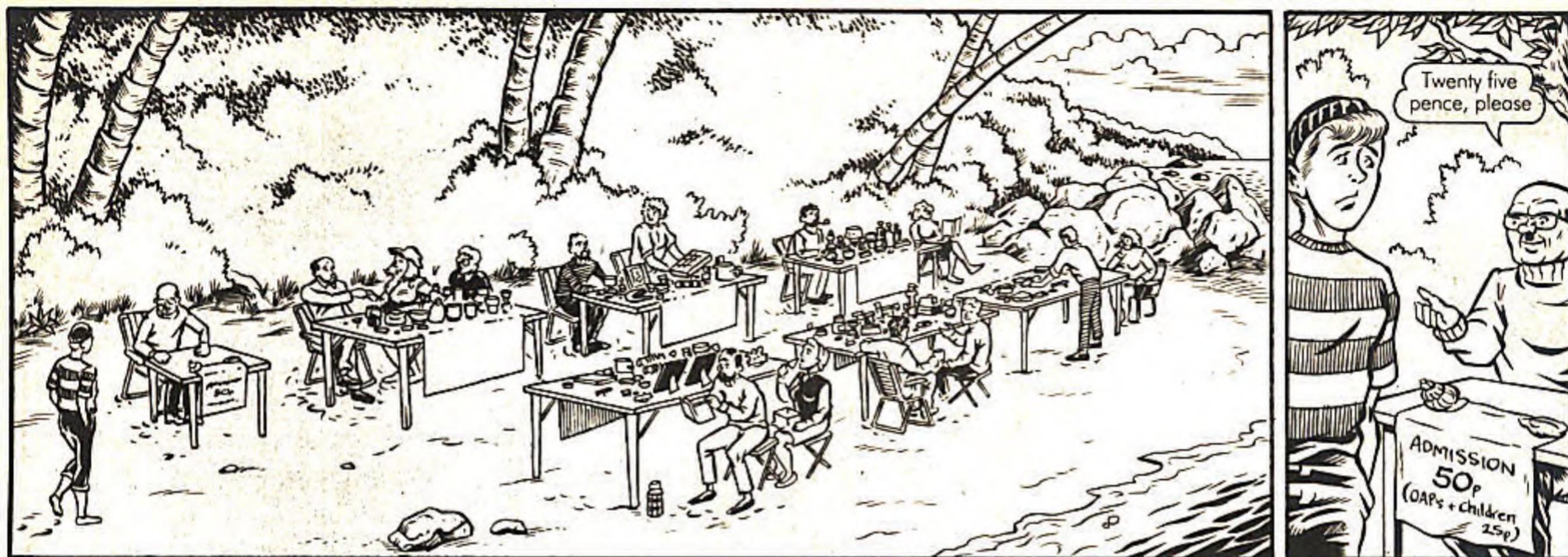


Shipwrecked Craft Fayre

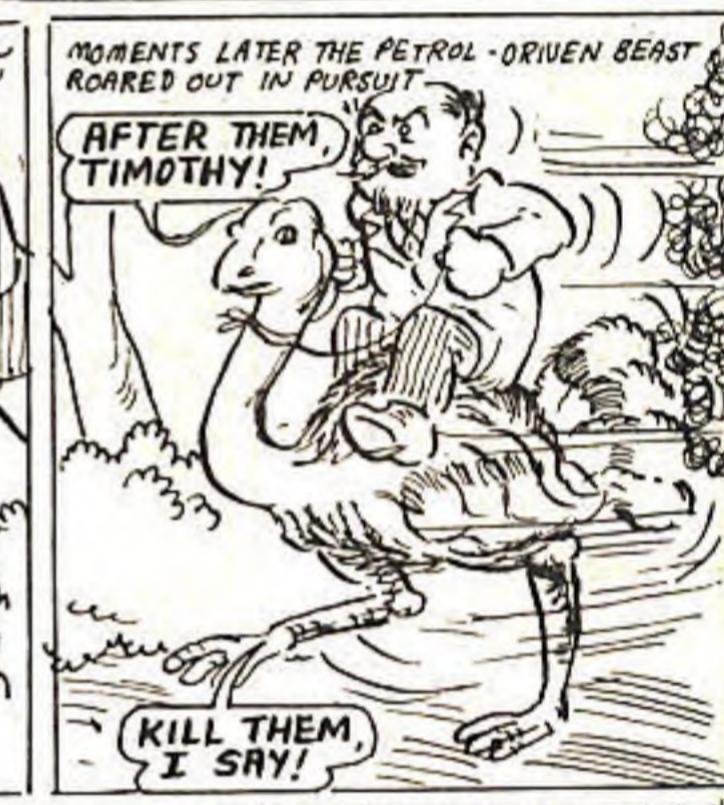
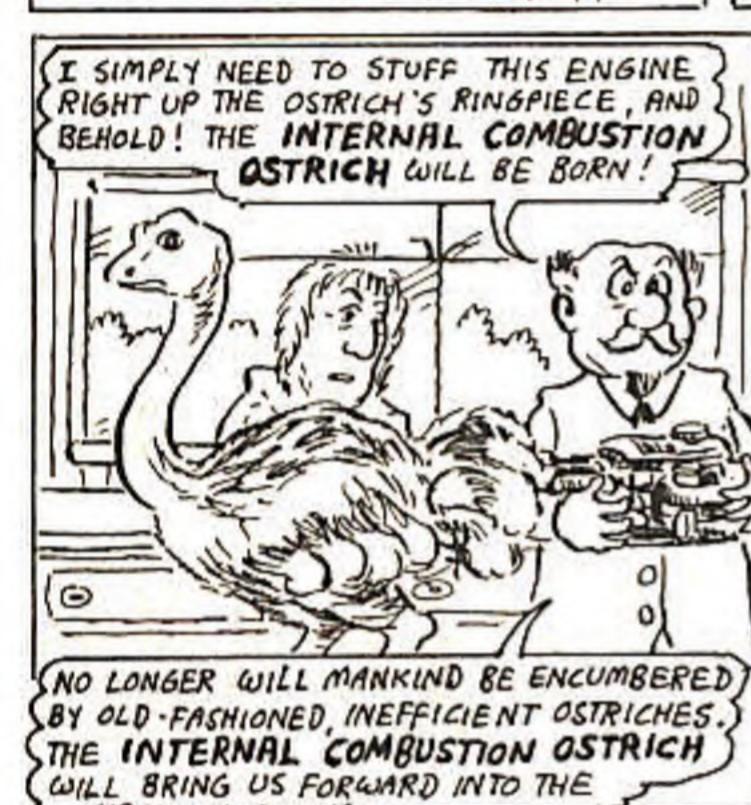
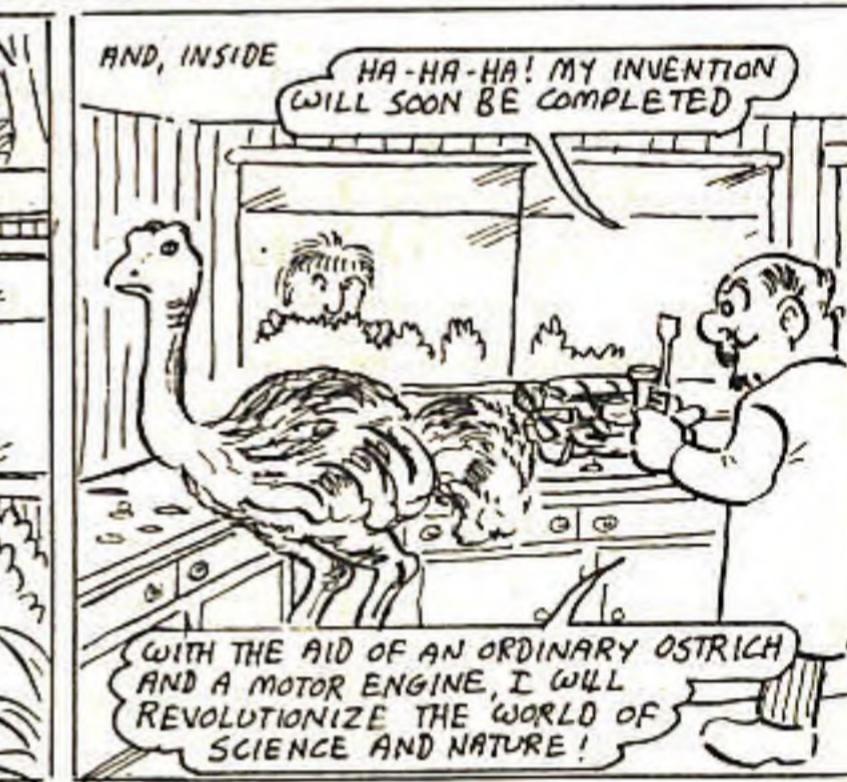
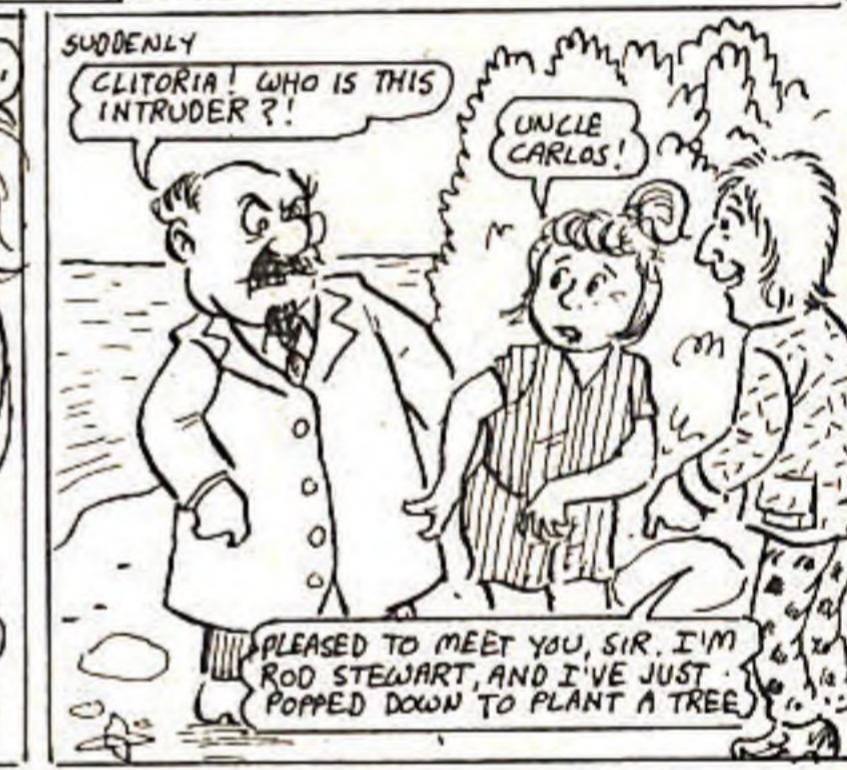


Shipwrecked in perilous seas and washed ashore on a desert island were the members of the Acorn Craft Fair...

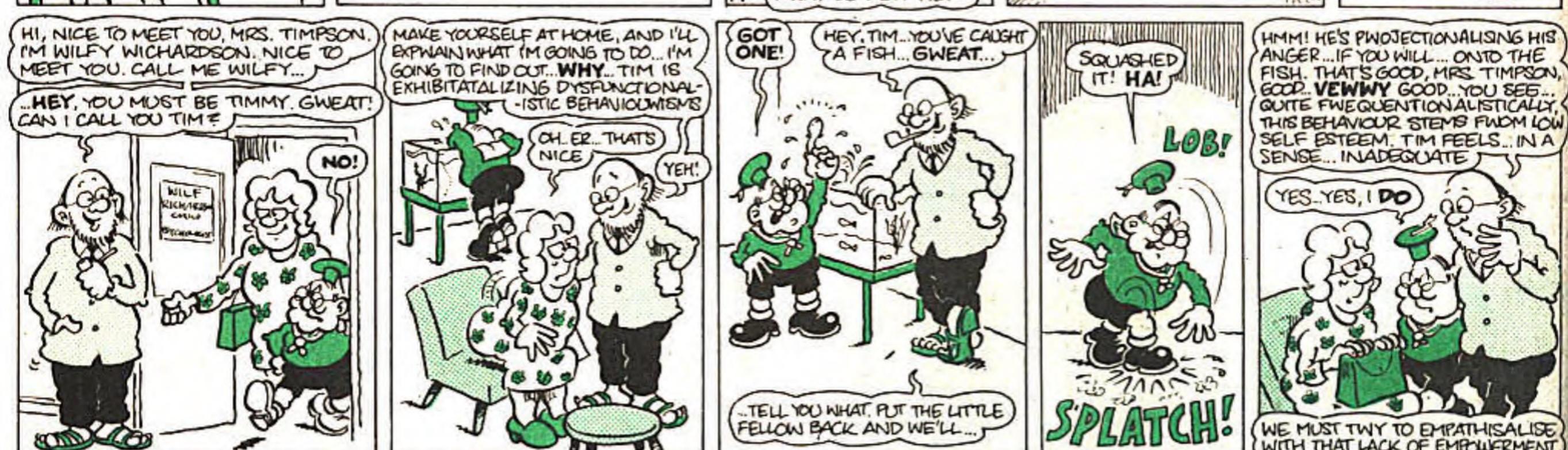
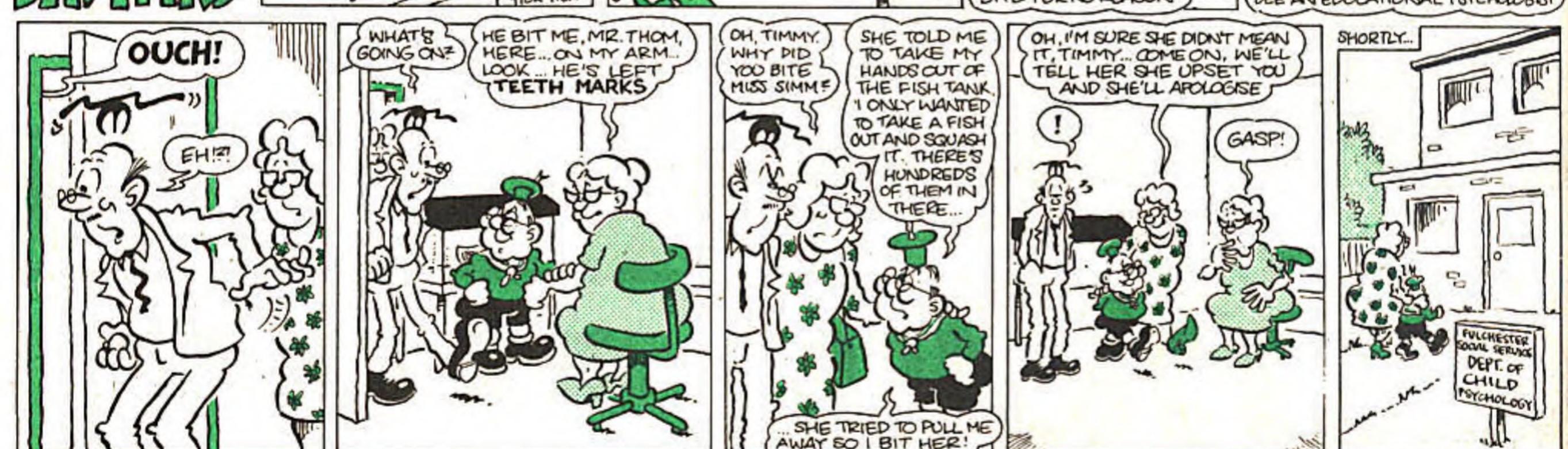
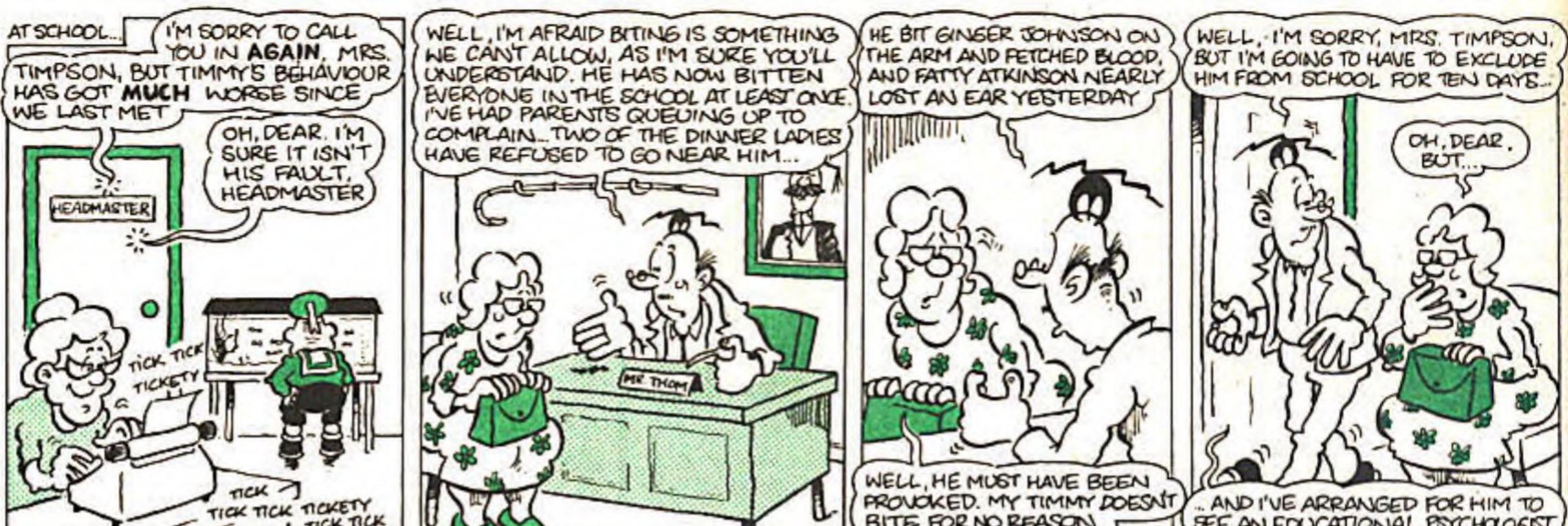




ROD STEWART AND THE ISLAND OF DEATH



A cartoon illustration of a small, white dog with black outlines. The dog has a slightly worried or confused expression, with its head tilted back and eyes looking upwards. A speech bubble originates from its mouth, containing the word "SPOILT".



One day Di was out walking in Regents Park...



Hey! Aren't you Prince Charles?

I might be.
Who's asking?

I'm Di.
Lady Di.



I'm Charles,
but you can
call me Sir.

Listen, I'm
starving. Fancy
a pizza?

Anything by Duran Duran.
How about 'The Reflex'?
That's my favourite.

Yeah. Nice one. I'm a bit of a
Duranie myself. I like Phil
Collins too. He's my favourite
solo artist. Who's yours?

Soon it was announced that Charles and Di were to wed.



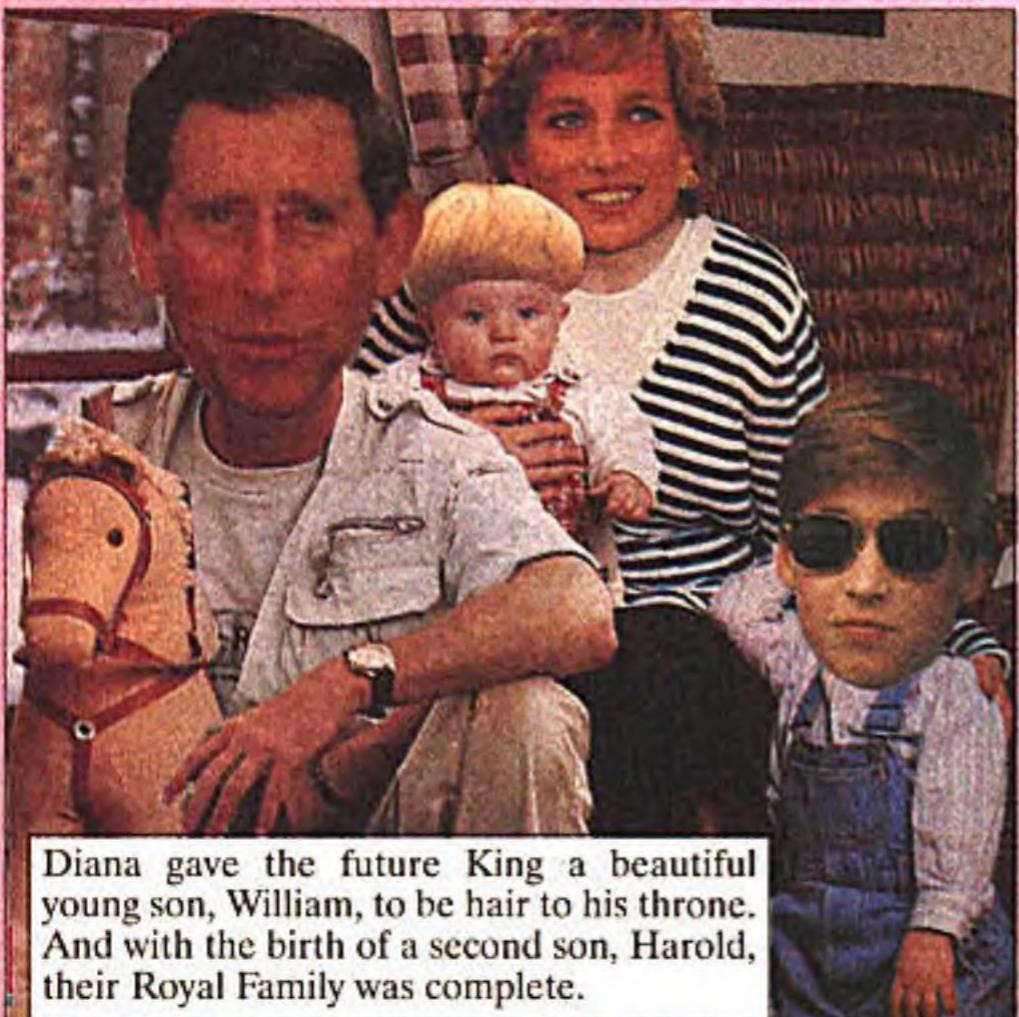
The lucky lady is a posh nanny, Princess Diana, who's a virgin. The wedding will be at St Paul's tomorrow morning.

And finally some good news. At long last Prince Charles is getting married.



There's something about that Camellia Parker-Knowles I don't like.

At last the big day arrived and Diana, in a dress designed by Mike Oldfield, married her Prince Charming. But as they posed for photographs on the church lawn, one guest seemed unusually familiar with Charles.



Diana gave the future King a beautiful young son, William, to be heir to his throne. And with the birth of a second son, Harold, their Royal Family was complete.



The Princess and her two young boys were happy at their new country house, Alton Towers. But Prince Charles was rarely at home.

Daddy's on holiday in Scotland again, shooting grouses and talking to the trees.

Corrr! One loves this!!

One day the Princess was doing the prizes at a polo match.

I hereby give you this cup.

Thanks

I'm going to be the Queen soon and I'll have to change the guards and stuff. But I can't ride a horse yet.

I'll teach you if you like.

Di assumed Major Hewitt was an officer and a gentleman and accepted his kind offer of free horse driving lessons. Little did she know the Major was a cad, and he planned to take advantage of her.

Are you sure one has to take one's clothes off? This seems most unusual.

The next day, as Charles was checking his car for bombs

You look a bit thin Diana. Are you eating enough?

Yes, I'm fine. I've just ate a whole cake. Erm.. Is it okay if you drive today dear? I feel a bit sick.

At about the same time posh racing driver James Gibley began receiving obscene calls on his mobile phone.

Hello? Hello? Who is this? Stop calling me at work. I'm trying to win a race.

A few days later...

Bloody hell! Have you seen the size of one's phone bill? Three hundred quid! What's going on?

I'm off to work. See you later.

I'll have dinner ready by six. Is that okay?

Actually, one will be working late at the Palace tonight, dear. I'm erm... making another TV programme about carbolical architecture. Don't wait up for me.

Had the Princess known the truth her heart would have shattered like a glass slipper.

Diana doesn't suspect anything, does she?

No Camellia my darling, of course not. She's a fool. Our evil plan is working to perfection, and soon that crown will be yours! Ha ha ha ha ha!!!

Continued in the next issue - on sale August 1st!

Future goes back to the future

THE year by which time scientists predict new and unproven inventions are expected to be in everyday use is set to change.

For decades 2000 has been the official scientific 'Year of the Future'. Throughout the years boffins have confidently predicted that all manner of new ideas and inventions - from battery powered cars to holographic TVs - will be in common use 'by the year 2000'. But as the end of the millennium dawns, science chiefs from around the world have met in secret to agree to a postponement of the deadline.

Butlers

Red faced researchers are thought to have realised within the last two years that predictions such as robot butlers, aluminium foil clothing, cars that drive themselves, small tablets entirely replacing food and dome shaped silver houses would not be available by the due date of 2000 due to teething technological problems. And after a meeting of the world's leading scientists in Geneva earlier this month a new date has now officially been set - the year 2020.

Stans

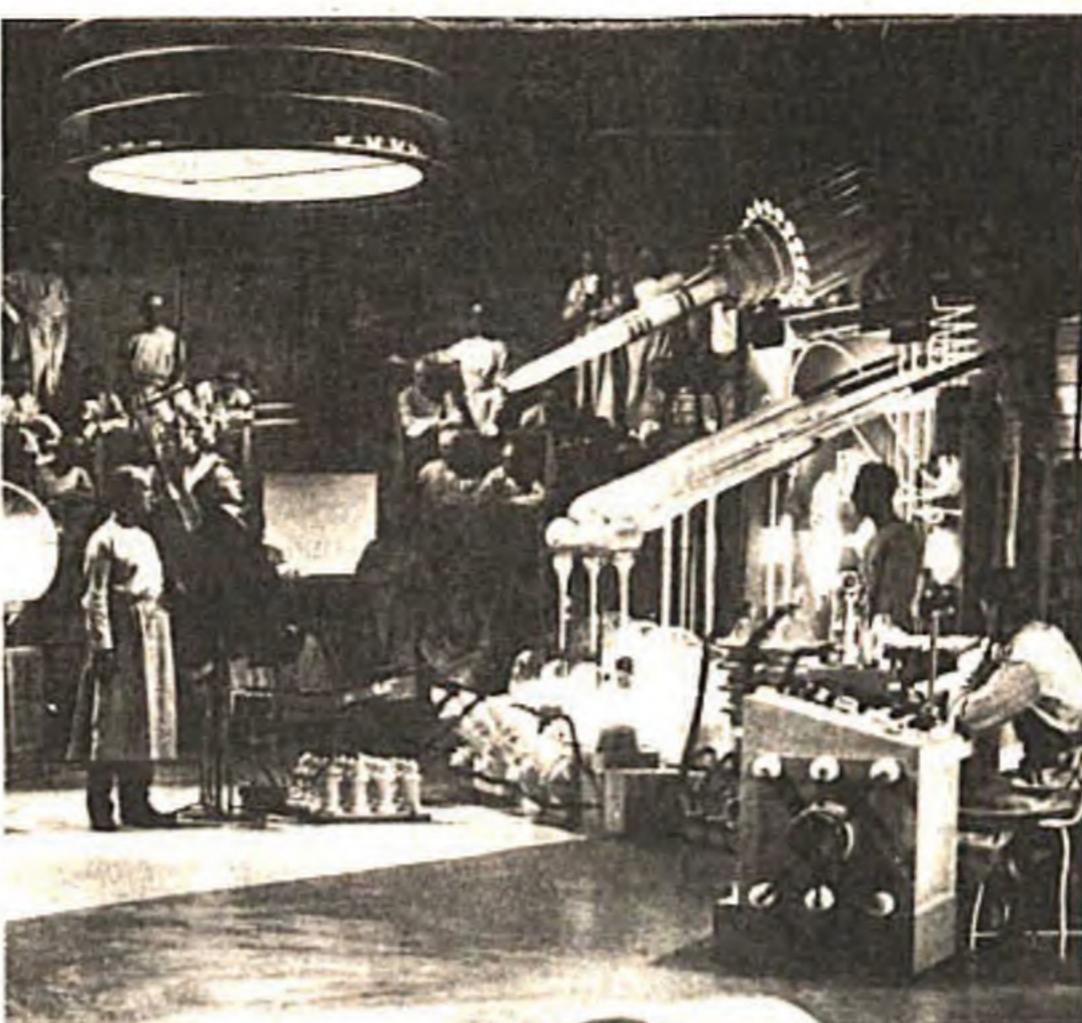
Professor Anthony Ockenden, chairman of the 40 strong panel of scientists who gathered from around the world to agree the new year, explained what their decision actually meant.

Boffins' 20-20 vision of things to come

"Quite simply, any far fetched futuristic invention conceived from this date onwards should be in the shops by the year 2020. Any invention which has failed to meet the old deadline of 2000 will be carried over to the new one."

Blakeys

Today's news comes as a bitter blow to householders hoping to find space age solutions to everyday problems. Irene Gubbins of Ebchester had been looking forward to a holiday on the Moon which she had been lead to believe would be possible by the year 2000. Now she faces the prospect of another twenty year wait. "It's diabolical. What do I tell my kids? They've been looking forward to it ever since they heard James Burke talk about it on telly in the sixties. I promised them wrist watch TVs as well. This is a bloody disgrace".



Carol Vorderman shows us the future (left) and (above) the future as it would appear in the Year 2000, yesterday.

Childrens TV presenters were equally pleased. Blue Peter, which was due to be presented by robots by the year 2000, immediately announced plans to bury a box in the Blue Peter Garden for the year 2020. Presenters Diane Jordan was delighted. "It will contain, amongst other things a newspaper, photographs of the presenters and their pets and film footage of us digging up the Blue Peter box for the year 2000".

Meanwhile presenters of BBC's Tomorrow's World were delighted. One former host, ageing leggy soapdish TV brainbox Carol Vauderman, described it as a 'great relief'. "As the millennium approached some of our predictions were looking more and more dodgy. Today's announcement is a lifeline. It will keep the show going another 20 years at least."

WIN A JOURNEY INTO SPACE

Here's your chance to become a sort of astronaut with our fantastic year 2020 competition. Enter and you could win a journey into space in the form of 12 bottles of Newcastle Brown Ale.

Imagine

All you have to do is take a pencil and paper and draw what you imagine the man of the year 2000 will think the man of the year 2020 looks like. Perhaps you think he'll imagine he has eight arms, x-ray eyes or rocket powered feet. Maybe you reckon he'll think he's got antennies instead of ears or a big nobbly plastic forehead like on Star Trek.

Woman

Whatever you imagine, send your drawing to The Year 2020 Competition, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT, to reach us by January 1st 2000, and you could find yourself on an ale-fuelled journey to the stars.

GHOSTS CAN'T WALK THROUGH WALLS PAINTED WITH NEW Spectrex GHOST-PROOF EMULSION PAINTS

BANISH PENETRATING SPIRITS once & for all!

JUST ONE COAT of quick-drying Spectrex forms a tough, long-lasting barrier that ghosts just CAN'T penetrate!

APPLIED TO skirting boards Spectrex prevents ingress of headless ghoulies and poltergeists!

Resists APPARITIONS SPOOKS WRAITHS

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ POST TODAY

* Heavily haunted manor houses may require two or more coats.



Her Royal Highness Queen

'LAST RESERVE'

Early Warning



Fig. 1
Cut out dual respectacle lenses and nose bridge assembly. Fold & glue.

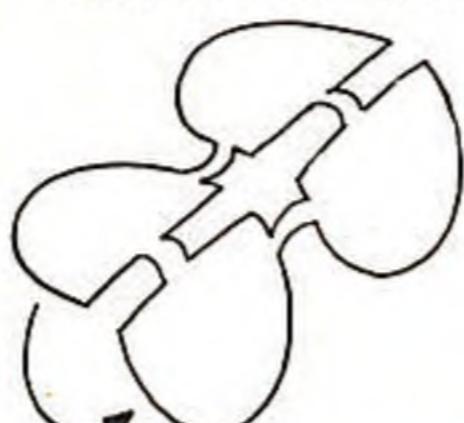
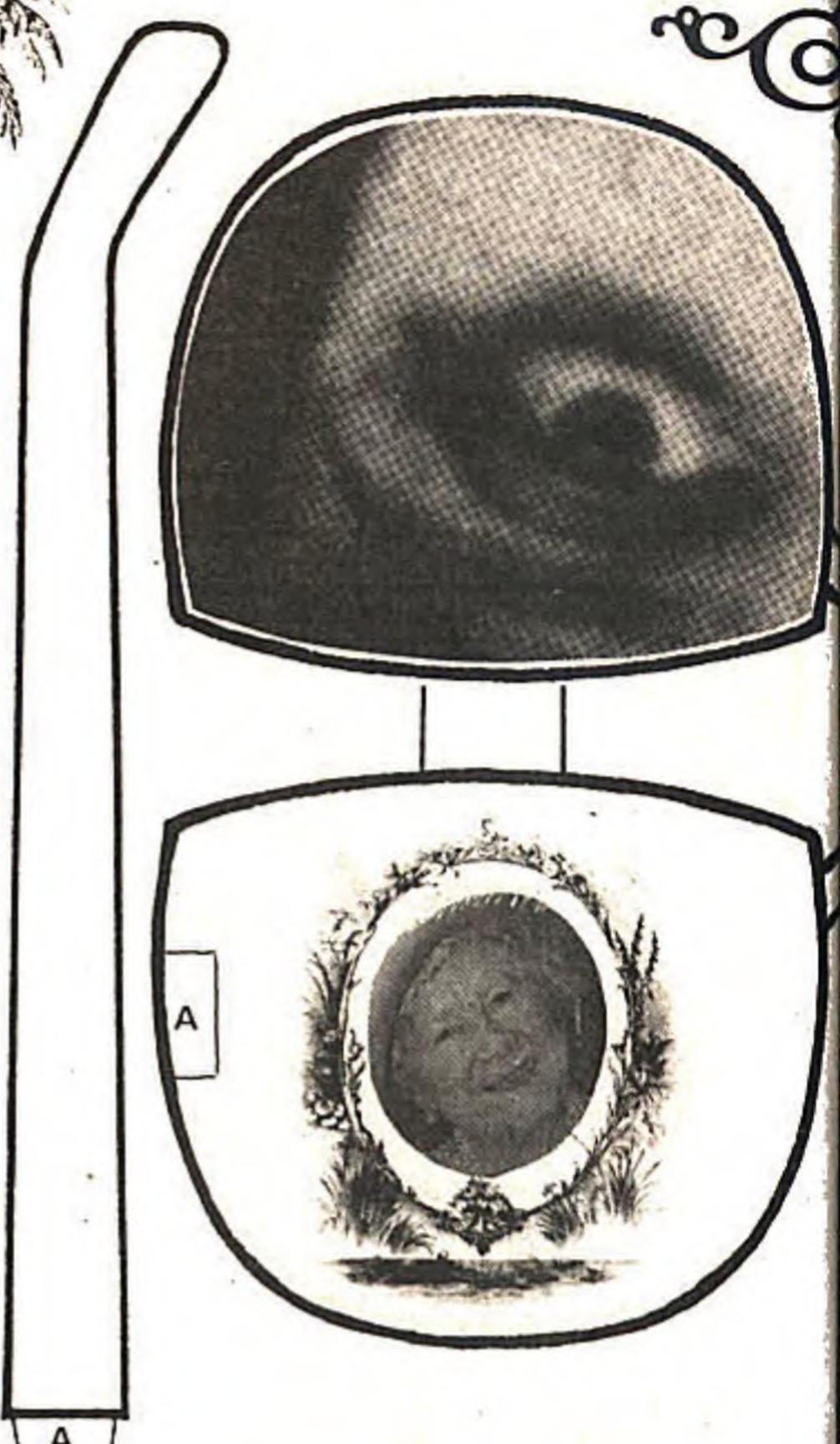
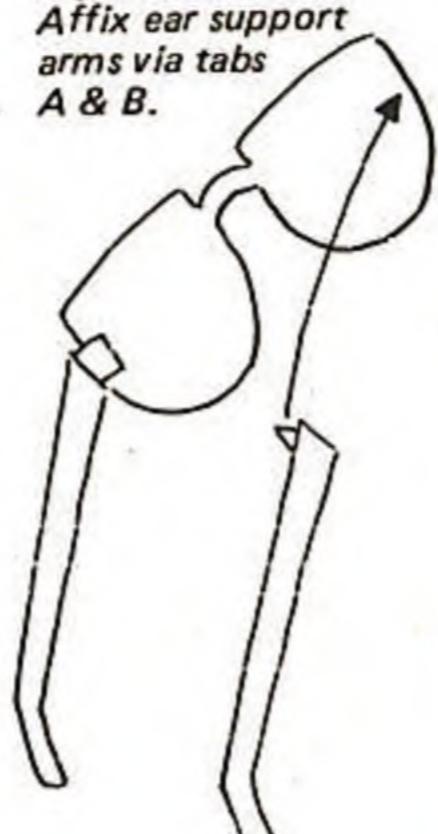


Fig. 2
Affix ear support arms via tabs A & B.



INSTRUCTIONS

The moment you learn of the Queen Mother's death stop reading this comic. Remove these pages and slowly place the remainder of the comic on a table, face downwards. Cut out and assemble your mourning equipment.

LAST RESPECTACLES

No need to draw your curtains or sit in a darkened room for days on end. Close your eyes to the outside world with these dual purpose bereavement glasses. On the outside of each lens mournful eyes ensure that you appear solemn and sad at all times, whilst on the inside there are portraits of the Queen Mother for you to stare at in silence for anything up to two weeks.

BLACK ARM BAND

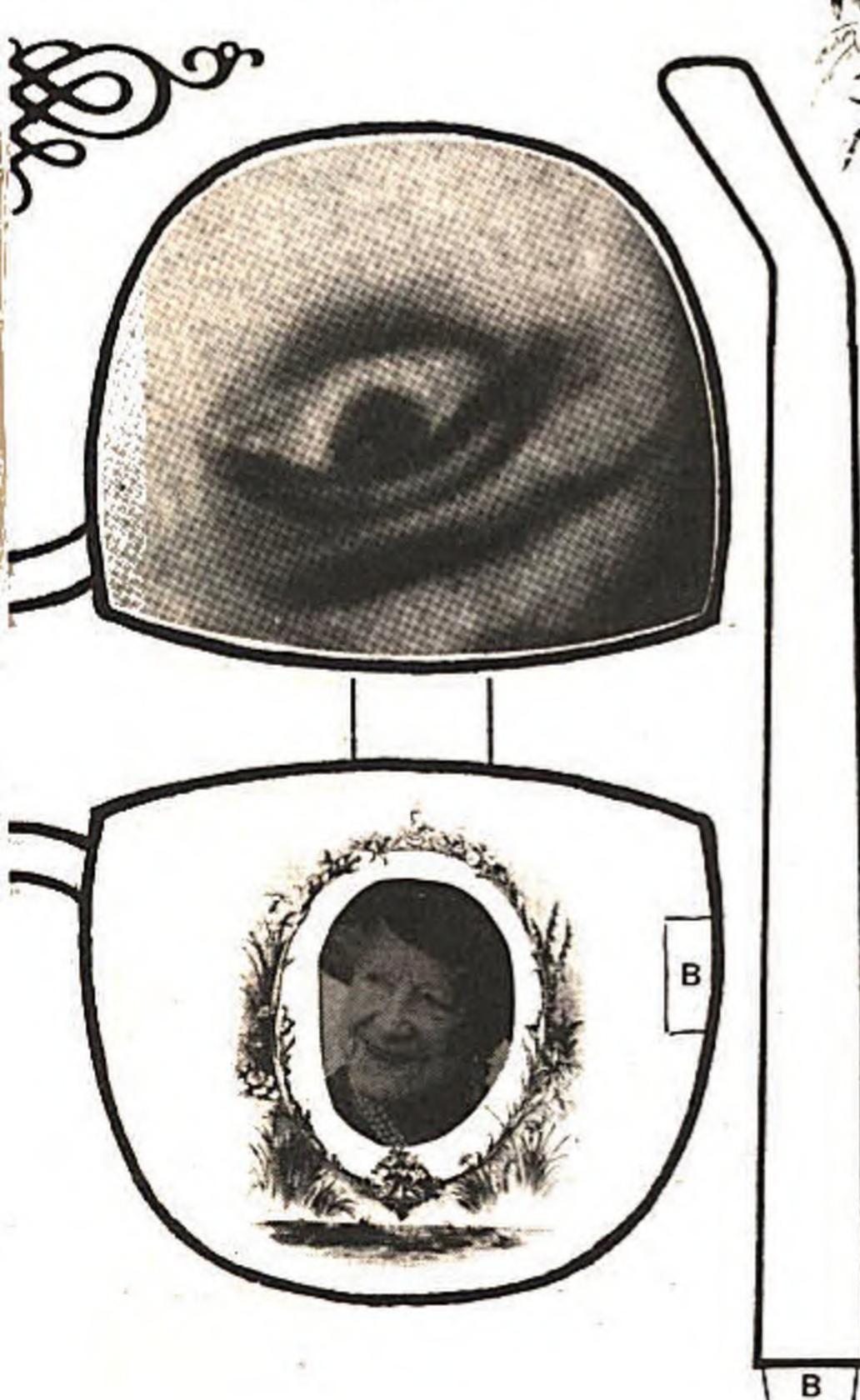
No need to rush out and spend a fortune on sombre cloth-

THE QUEEN MOTHER

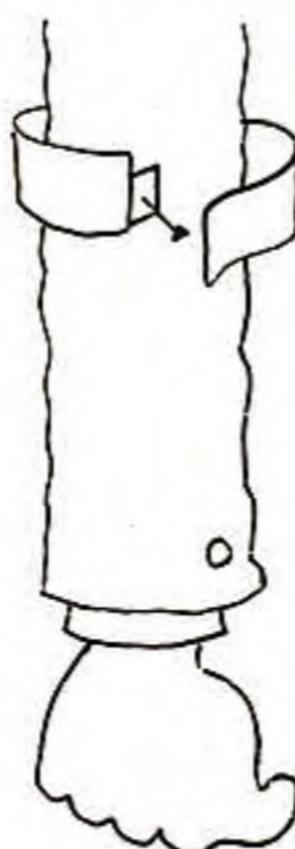
Elizabeth The Queen Mum

ECTACLES'

Mourning Kit



*Fig. 3
Cut out band. Loop around upper arm and fix with sellotape.*



ing. Pay your respects fashionably and with dignity by simply cutting out and affixing the arm band to your upper right arm, as per figure 2.

MOU RNING WARNING & MEMORIAL DOOR HANGER

Ensure that you are not disturbed during your period of grief by cutting out this handy mourning warning door sign and affixing it to your door handle. It doubles as a fitting memorial to the Queen Mother. Simply complete the inscription by filling in the date of her demise.

BUTCHER'S NOTE

Yes, we've thought of everything. Cut around the dotted lines and pop this note in to your local butcher today. It will save you having to rush out to the shops and risk missing any of the TV funeral coverage.

**DO NOT
DISTURB
MOU RNING
IN PROGRESS**



**THE QUEEN MUM
R.I.P.
1900 to**

Dear Mr Butcher

In the event of HRH Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mum's demisement, please could you save me a nice bit of ham for my sandwiches when I'm watching the funeral on the telly.

Mr/Mrs.....

GBHD R.I.P.

Clowns see red over circus tax

CIRCUS clowns are paying through their red noses for big shoes as a result of Britain's barmy tax laws.

So says Tory MP Winston Churchill whose grandfather won the war.

Shoes

Under present rules children's shoes - sizes five and under - are exempt from VAT. However young clowns who wear big shoes as a vital part of their job are being forced to pay the extra tax when they buy adult size shoes.

Brass

Yet the bizarre tax laws are a boon for adult circus dwarfs, most of whom only wear children's sizes. The average circus dwarf can save up to £75 a year on unpaid VAT by wearing shoes that are size five or under.

Hooves

"The situation is a nonsense", claims Mr Churchill who is a long time campaigner on behalf of circus clowns. "I believe this minority of people are receiving unfair treatment under existing UK tax legislation. When you consider that the average clown is probably spending hundreds of pounds a year on dry cleaning to get custard off his clothes, and fish out of his pants, to make him pay extra for his shoes is totally unfair."

Box

Mr Churchill spoke as a convoy of clowns arrived at Westminster yesterday

VAT'll
not do
nicely on
big shoes



Slapstick MP Churchill (left) and a hard hit clown with comedy shoes (above).

to protest about new MOT regulations which they claim are also discriminatory. Their convoy of cars left Brighton in February of last year and took almost 16 months to complete the journey due to their doors falling off and the engines blowing up all the time. "These new regulations are a tax on comedy motorists and will place hundreds of livelihoods at risk", said the MP yesterday.

Mr Churchill comes from a traditional circus background. His father was a high wire monocyclist and Mr Churchill himself is a lion tamer at weekends. Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Kenneth Clark, who has vowed to review the clown tax situation in his next budget, is himself a keen amateur bare back horse rider and escapist.

The MAN in the PUB

Britain's most ill informed columnist



Here's a thing about the Royals you never knew. You know that King Edward? Him who ran off with Mrs Simpson? Quarter inch tadger he had. Honest! Like a bleedin' acorn. Gawd knows why that Mrs Simpson fancied 'im. Had to 'ave half her fanny sewn up she did. Yeah! Straights. Sewed it up so his cock would fit better.

You know how they make Turkish Delight? You don't wanna know mate, but I'll tell ya. They rub dog shit on leather. It's true that. This mate of my brother, his history teacher told 'im.

Know how far apart your nipples are, eh? Do ya? I do. Shall I tell ya? Nine inches mate. You measure 'em. Go on! No need mate. They'll be nine inches exactly. Know why? Everyone's are. No matter how old you are, your nipples is always nine inches apart. That's a fact that is. Go on. You measure 'em. And you know your liver? It's not an organ, mate. It's a gland.

That George Michael, he's so good at sex, right, every time he has it off, 'is bird faints! It's true that. Apparently he was makin' a video once and this top model seen 'im in his underpants an' she keeled straight over she did. Sexiest bloke in the world they reckon.

This bloke I know, he's got this number plate on his car, "TJ1". 'Ad it for years. Anyway, Tom Jones, the singer, right, stopped 'im in the street the other day and offered 'im a million quid for it! Told 'im to fuck off, my mate did. Would you believe it, eh? Turned down a million quid. Funny thing is, his car's only worth £600. But it's the principle you see.

You know that Patrick McGee out The Avengers? Him with the brolly an' the top hat. Been married for fifty years he has, and he's never shagged his missus. Fifty bleedin' ears and he's never given her one.

Hard to believe innit? An' you know what? The amazin' thing is, they've got kids. How do they do it, eh? It's weird that is if you ask me.



I bet you don't half fancy that bird in the Cadbury's Flake advert, eh? Fancy her do ya? Well listen to this. It's a bloke! Yeah, a fella! Straight up. And YOU fancied her! Go on, you can buy me a pint for that. Or I'll tell all yer mates you're a puff.

Sit down, love and I'll get your slippers *
I've just put the kettle on
0000 994 402 * 0000 994 401

Frank Housewife Talk
Calls cost £2 a second cheap rate. £18 a second all other times.
Sorry, dear. I've hit the car on the garage wall
0000 994 404 * Oh, no! The hoover bag's full
0000 994 403 *

MAN 2 MAN

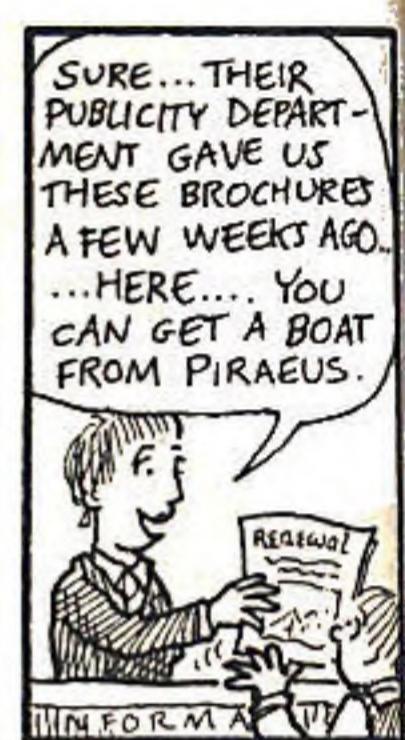
CAN I BORROW YOUR LAWN-MOWER? 0000 994 387

I'M THINKING OF GETTING A CARAVAN 0000 994 386

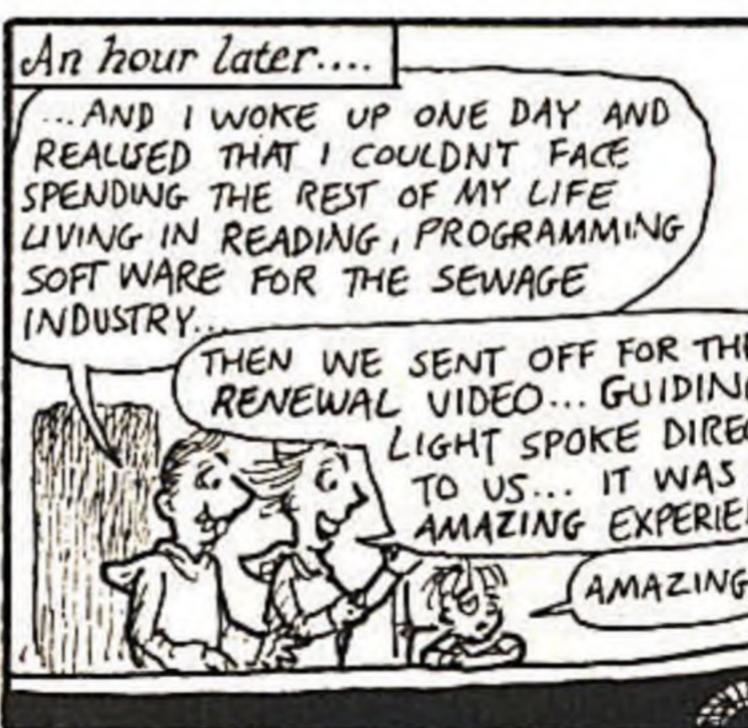
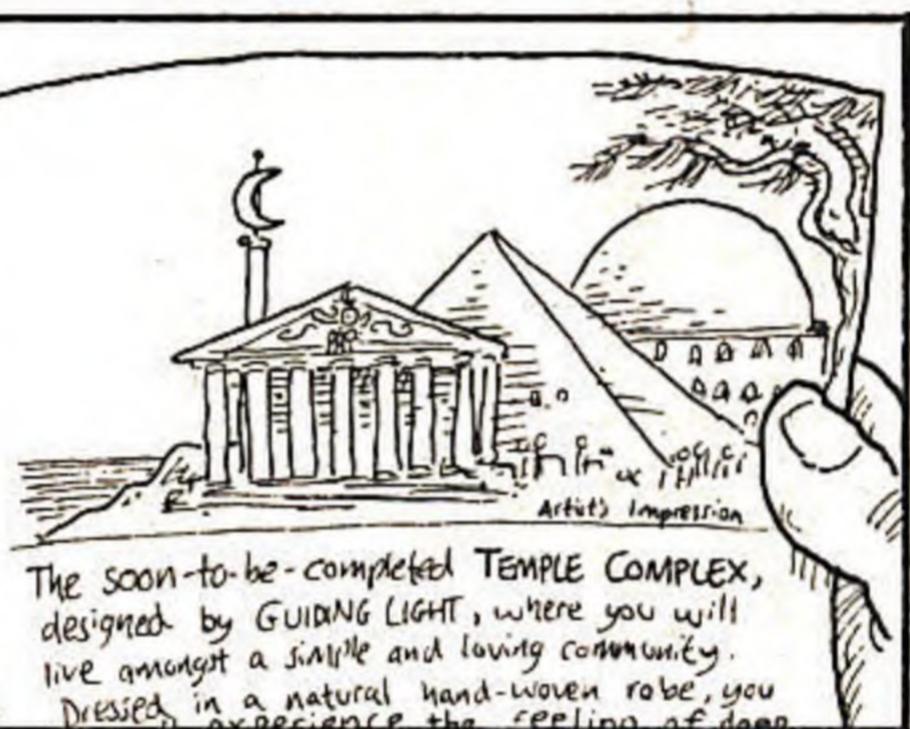
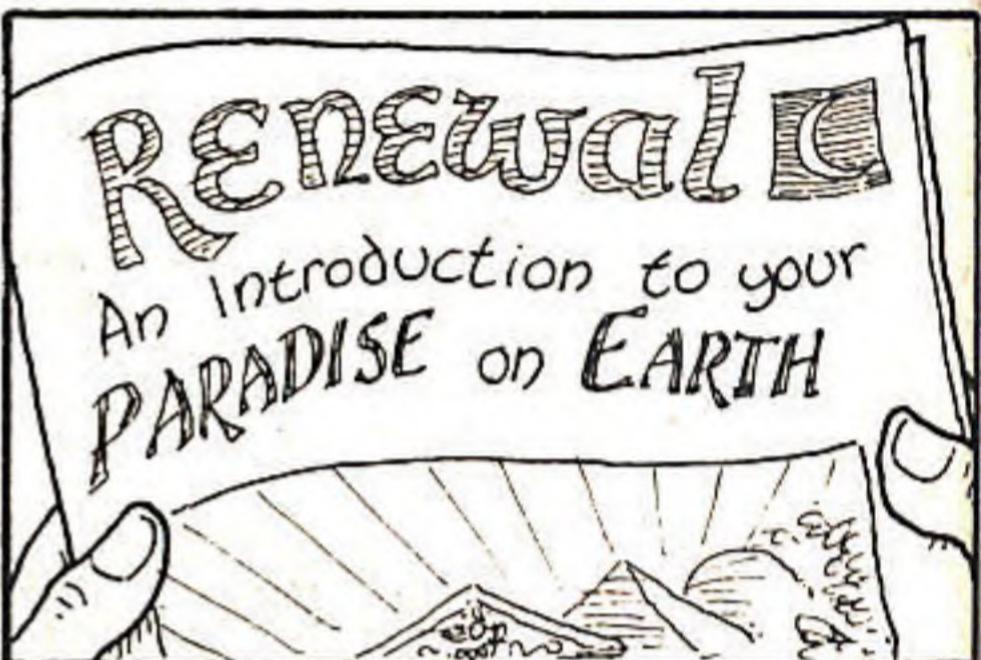
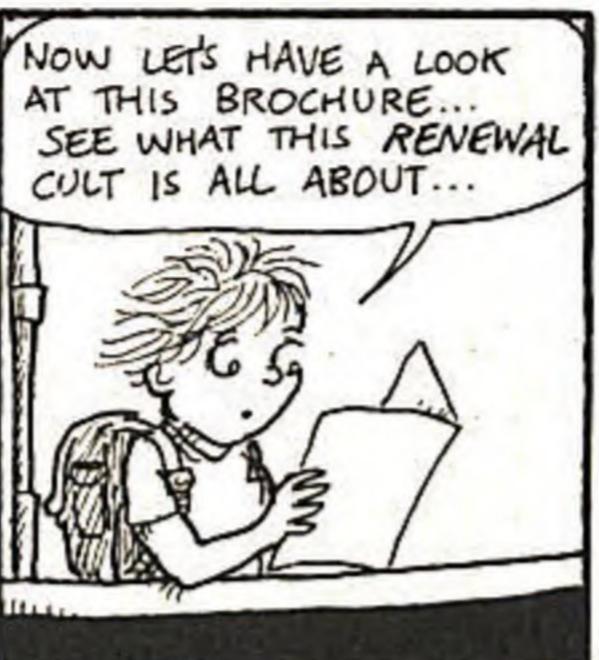
WHY DOESN'T HE PLAY LE TISSIER? 0000 994 388
FANCY A QUICK HALF AFTER WORK? 0000 994 389

A service of Gentstalk International. Calls terminate in Ulan Bator

The MODERN PARENTS



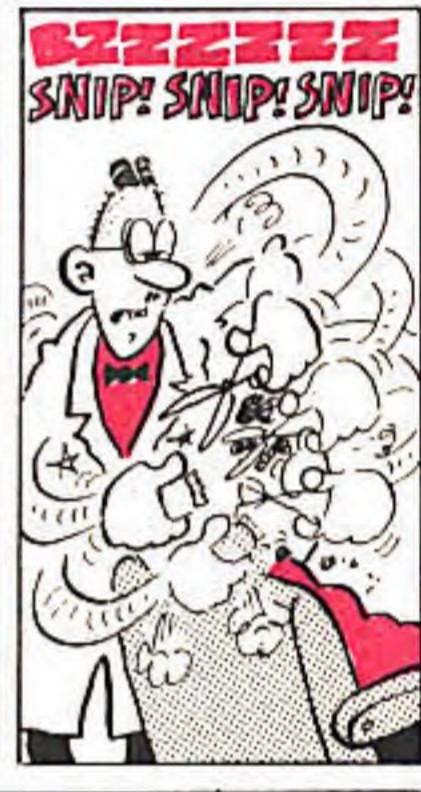
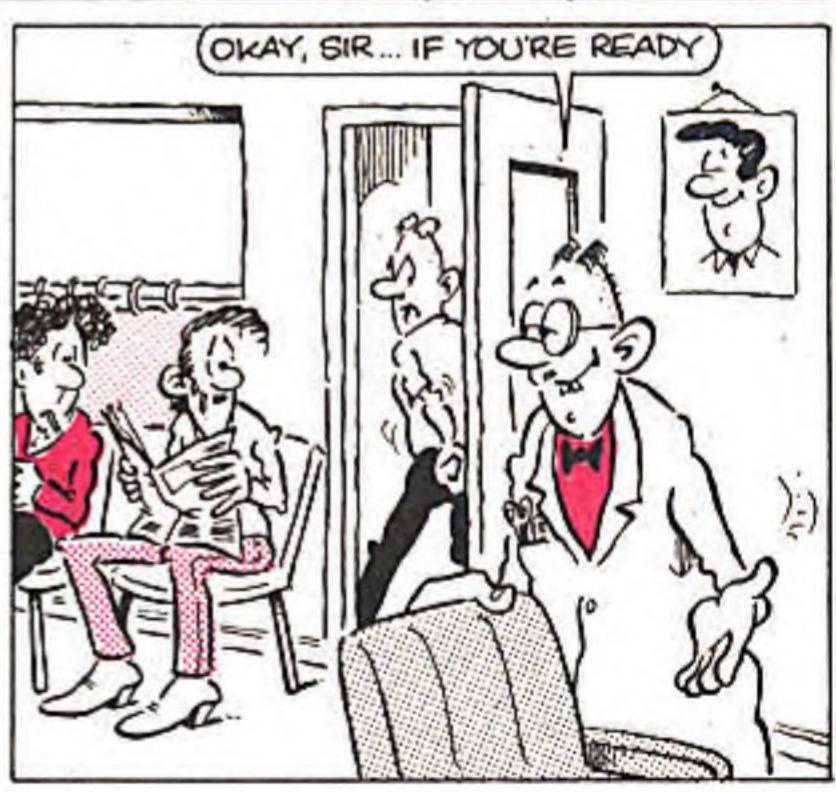
Later....

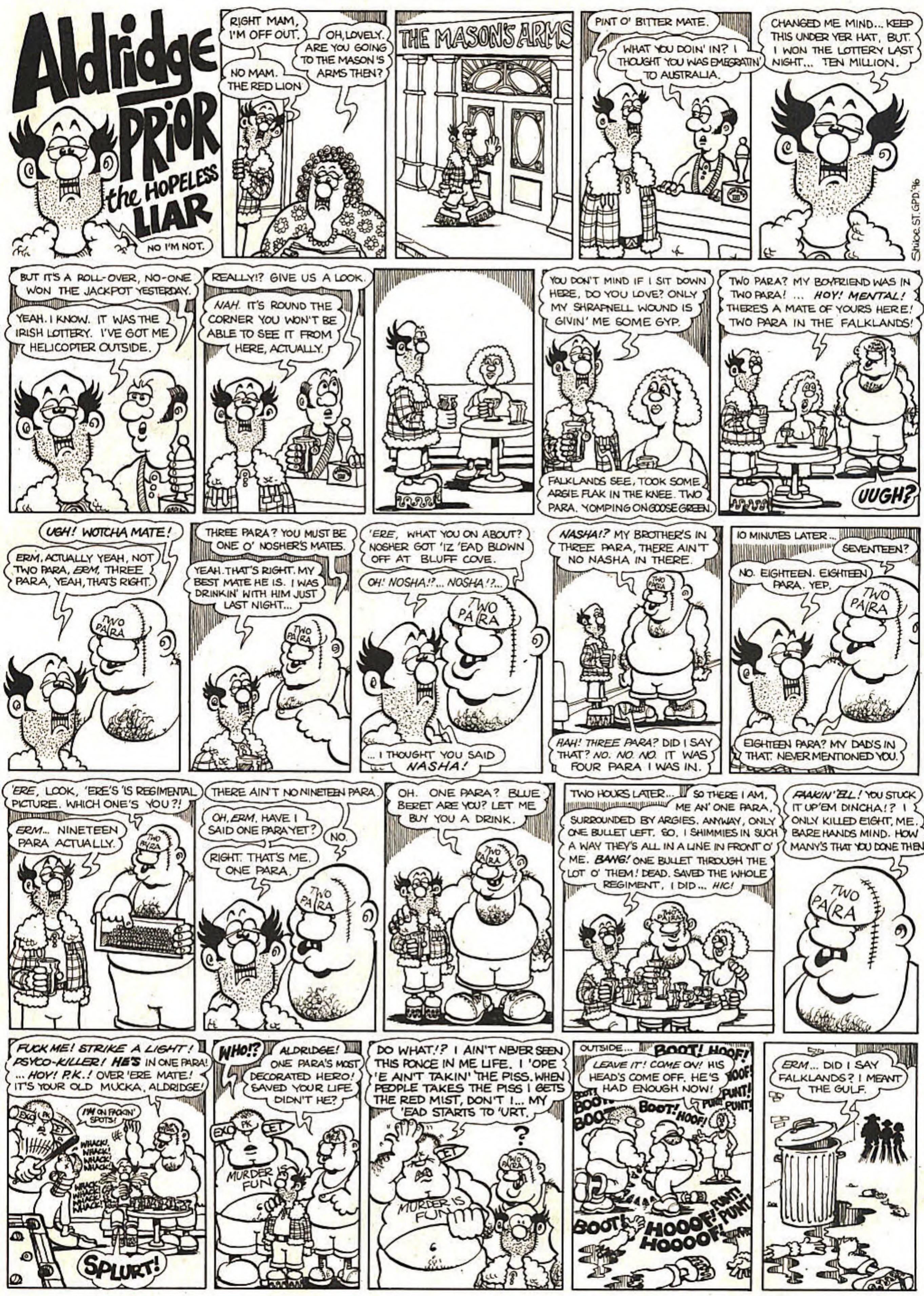




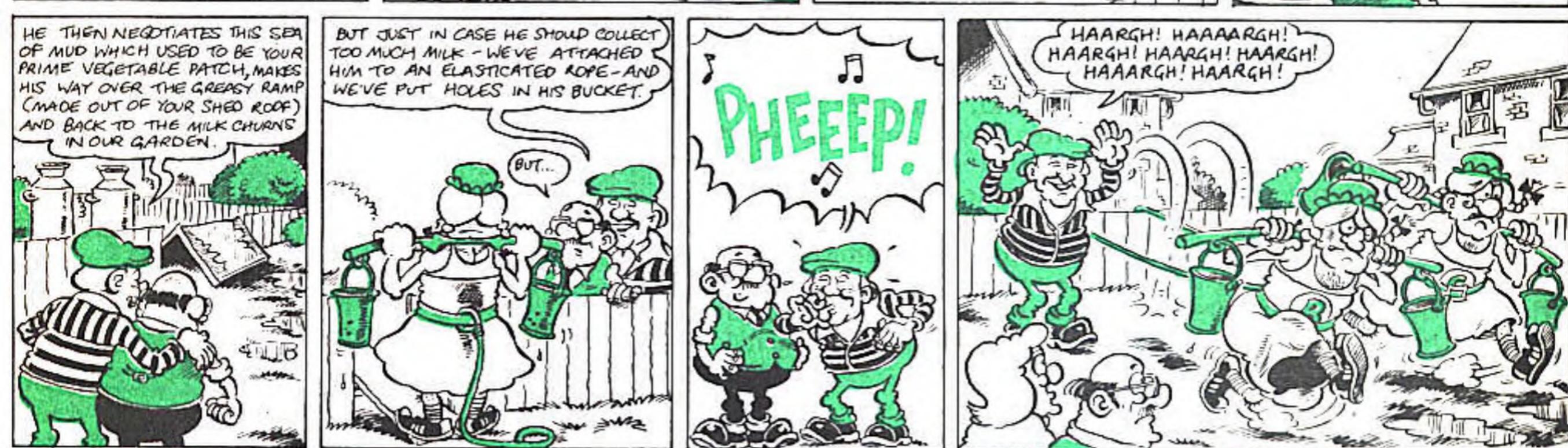
GILBERT RATCHET







The IT'S A Knockout FAMILY



Well Knock Me Down! with A. Feather



After hearing of the dangers to pedestrians caused by protective 'bullbars' on cars unlucky Brian Fleming, a company director from Oxford, England, had the bars removed from his vehicle by his local Isuzu dealer. On the way back from the garage Mr Fleming was killed instantly when his four wheel drive vehicle was in collision - with loads of bulls.

Scientists examining the remains of Tutankhamen were amazed to discover that the skull of the Egyptian boy king was as thin as an egg shell. An autopsy carried out on the 5,000 year old mummified remains revealed that he had been killed by a single blow to the head - with a teaspoon.

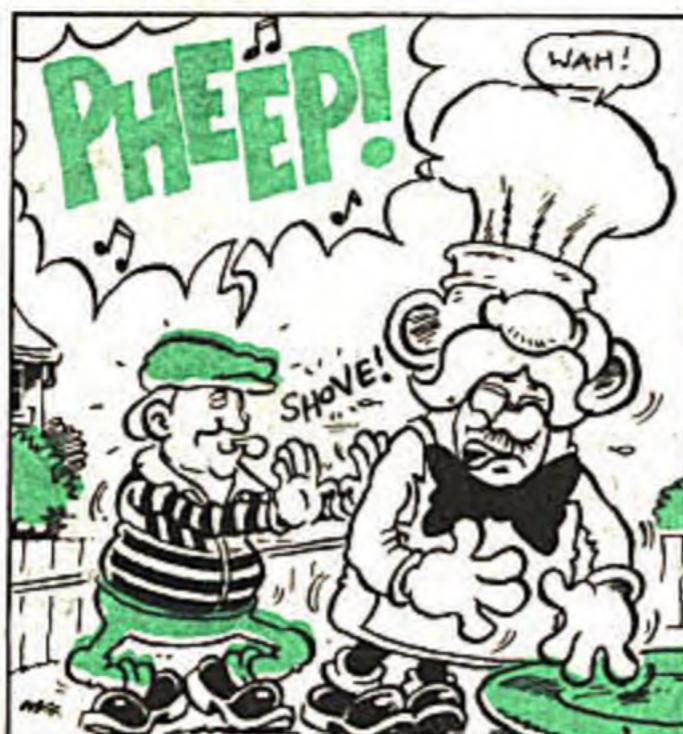
A baby born in the Xiang Ping province of China has baffled doctors - for it is made entirely of cork. The young child feeds, eats and sleeps normally, but cannot be bathed because of its condition.

On July 21st 1969 the entire population of the world tuned in their TVs to watch Neil Armstrong make history by becoming the first man on the Moon. Ironically Armstrong's twin brother Curtis was the only living human to miss the event. In his haste to switch on the TV Curtis, 3 years his twin's senior, tripped on a roller skate and fell awkwardly, lodging his penis in the Hoover. Tragically he bled to death as a result of his injuries.

Twins Boris and George Chzlatksi, separated at birth, eventually tracked each other down after fifty years living apart on opposite coasts of America. They decided to meet up for reunion in Colorado but en route to their long awaited rendezvous entirely by coincidence both stopped off to look at a windmill along the way. In a cruel twist of fate both brothers were simultaneously beheaded by the spinning sails of the respective windmills. Their grieving wives, also twins separated at birth, decided to continue their journey to Colorado. However, within two miles of their long awaited reunion both wives simultaneously choked on rabbits.

Arthur Feather.

Arthur Feather is the Professor
of Strange Facts at Oxford University



Six miles up in an aircraft? Pilot had a heart attack? Radio dead?

Don't panic!



We'll WRITE you down!

The Postal Emergency Landing Service

Simply write and tell us where you are and what you're flying in, and leave the rest to us. For as little as £150 we'll send you, by return of post, clear, easy to follow step by step instructions on how to land, including....

- * What all those dials are for
- * How to prevent stalling the engines
- * How to apply the brakes on landing
- * Which buttons NOT to press

All instructions (including words of encouragement) are sent by FIRST CLASS post and include VAT

We're SO confident of our service that we'll REFUND YOUR MONEY in the event of a crash.

If YOU don't make it, WE don't take it!

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Help! I'm flying above in a at an altitude of thousand feet and I haven't got a clue what to do.

Name.....
Address.....

Barclay card/Access no. Exp. date..../...

Express Service. (£250 inc VAT)

Christ! It's gone into a dive! ARRRRRRRRRGH!

Name.....
Address.....

Barclay card/Access no. Exp. date..../...

Fill in the appropriate form and send to:
The Postal Emergency Landing Service, Chipping Norton, Wilts.

WIN THE ULTIMATE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT...CHEAP BO

Divine retribution

Cheap whore Divine Brown, the Hollywood hooker who found fame and fortune in Hugh Grant's pants, has decided to clean up her act.

They down market tart known once known as 'Pancakes' to her customers is turning her back on prostitution and attempting to build a new career as an actress.

Ironically Miss Brown plays herself in her celluloid debut 'Taken For Granted' a gritty film bleu in which director Ron Jeremy focuses on the relationship between a down at flies LA prostitute and a glamourous British movie actor's cock. And why not. Through a vivid reconstruction of events Mr Jeremy takes us on a cinematic exploration of the physical dialogue between tits and mouths, and examines closely the juxtaposition between arses and fannies in a bouncy and at times amusing film.

Anyway, we've got TEN copies of this porny video to give away to the winners of this competition. We've not actually seen it, but I think we can all imagine what its like. If you really

think its worth it, answer the following porny pancake questions:

1. Which day of the week is traditionally associated with pancakes?

- (a) Ash Wednesday
- (b) Pancake Tuesday
- (c) Mothering Sunday

2. John Clelland wrote a book about a prostitute. What was her name?

- (a) Fanny Hill
- (b) Fanny Craddock
- (c) Fanny by Gaslight

3. What is the name of the person called onto the set of a porn movie whose job it is to restore vigour to the male actor's part?

- (a) Key grip
- (b) Fluffer
- (c) Focus puller

4. Which of the following is NOT an ingredient of pancakes?

- (a) Milk
- (b) Egg
- (c) Lemon Juice
- (d) Flour

'Pancakes' blows the lid on Hugh

5. What is the name given to a scene in a porn movie in which a male actor is required to empty his nuts?

- (a) A Top Shop
- (b) A Pop Shot
- (c) A Corn Pop

6. Which thing that you can do to a pancake should actor Hugh Grant have done himself off, sort of thing, in order to avoid this whole business.

- (a) Fried
- (b) Tossed
- (c) Poured treacle on it

Competition open to over 18s only. Closing date for entries 18th July 1996. The first ten correct entries out of a hat will receive their prizes shortly thereafter, discreetly wrapped in plain brown wrappers.



'It's twenty to four and I'm a whore'. Prostitute Divine Brown takes time out to relax in front of an electric fire and hold a gun in the air. (Reconstruction posed by a Dutch pornographic model in the nineteen sixties.)

It's bollocks!! Winalot of booze!

THE spirit of punk is still very much alive, with the Sex Pistols back on tour and a new brand of beer on the market with a rude name.

According to the brewer's a crate of Dog's Bollocks is a man's best friend. It's a pedigree brew with a full bodied fruity flavour and a howling 6.5% ABV. It's available from all dog friendly bars and pubs priced about £1.95 for a 330ml bottle. But we've a whole kennel full of the stuff to give away - drink this and you'll be shitting in the park and rubbing your cock against everyone's legs before you can say "sausages" on That's Life. To win it simply answer the following dog and booze related questions, pal.

1. What is the dog related term used to describe one particular cure for a hangover?

- (a) The Hair and Hounds
- (b) The hair of the dog
- (c) Haircut 100

2. If you fall over in the snow what sort of dog would come and bring you some beer in a barrel tied round its neck?

- (a) A Saint Bernard dog
- (b) A Saint Bruno dog
- (c) A Saint and Greavesie dog

3. If you were in the pub and needed a piss, which dog related euphemism might you use to excuse

yourself from company.

- (a) I'm just going to siphon the python
- (b) I'm just going to see a man about a dog
- (c) I'm just going to turn my bike around

4. Which dog breathed, Westminster public school educated, piss headed popster barked his band into the charts singing a song about his Irish dog Rover?

- (a) Bono
- (b) Shane McGowan
- (c) Val Doonican

5. Which pop group recorded the classic 'Give Booze A Chance'?

- (a) Yellow Dog
- (b) Bonzo Dog Do Da Band

(c) Dogs D'Amour

6. Dogs often piss on lamp posts, but which other brand of bottled beer (funnily enough nicknamed 'Dog') pisses on this other stuff we're giving away.

- (a) Double Diamond
- (b) Whitbread "Big Head" Trophy Bitter
- (c) Newcastle Brown Ale

Competition open to over 18s only. Closing date 16th July 1996. We haven't quite established how much of this beer we've got to give away yet but they've already sent us three bottles, so at least the winner will get those. Enough to make you bark a little and possibly sniff someone's arse.



A man gives dogs free booze yesterday.



E, A HOME MADE CURRY AND A THIRD RATE PORN VIDEO!

BOMB-BAYS AT THE READY!

Arses go on Indian 'subcontinence' alert

You've just polished off your dog piss beer, your vision is starting to blur, and you're about to settle down with a box of tissues to watch Divine Brown in action. But something's missing.

A curry of course! Well, now you can enjoy genuine curry without having to endure the wallpaper at your local Indian restaurant thanks to the 'Spice of Life' D.I.Y. Home Curry Making Kit. Containing a book of secret recipes and six freshly packed spices the Home Curry Making Kit allows you to cook simple but truly authentic Bhuna, Korma, Medium Curry, Vindaloo and Phall recipes, and contains enough stuff for 20 meals. And there's even a box of matches included so you can light your farts afterwards.

These revolutionary Curry Kits are available priced only £4.49 including postage from 'Spice of Life', c/o Viz, P. O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT. (Two blokes round the corner who we've never met before bag them up and post them out and they've promised us a cut if anyone buys any.) Make your cheque or postal order payable to 'Spice of Life', nan-kyou very much, etc. This kit is fully guaranteed - just like the Titanic - so if you're not happy with it you can have a full refund.

To curry favour with potential customers we're giving away one free Kit - the sample they sent us - to the winner of this 'cowboys and Indian food' competition. Simply answer the following cowboys and Indian food related questions:

- Who was the TV cowboy partner of Kid Currie?
(a) Hannibal Lectern
(b) Hannibal Hayes
(c) The Sundance Kid



Edwina Currie last Friday night

- Big mouth foot-in-it former Tory Health Minister Edwina Currie got in trouble because of something to do with eggs. What is the answer?

- (a) Salmon spread
- (b) Salman Rushdie
- (c) Salmonella

- Who was Big John's son?

- (a) Blue out of High Chaparral
- (b) Green out of Scruffy Politti
- (c) Red Buttons who was in the Psiedon Adventure

- Who was Big John's wife?

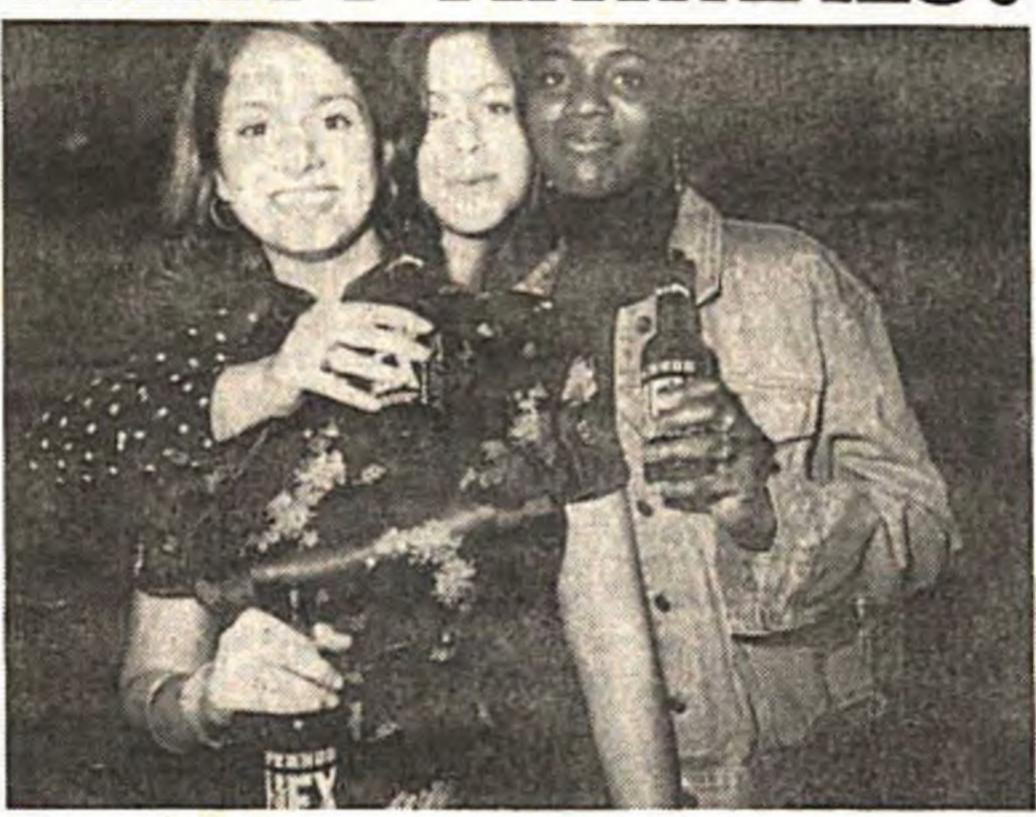
- (a) Victoria
- (b) Elizabeth
- (c) Mrs Simpson

- Who was Big John's brother-in-law?

- (a) Manalito
- (b) Man Friday
- (c) Man About The House

Competition closes 16th July. The winner will get the Home Curry Kit, consisting six bags of stuff - one looks like seeds - and a little book. But you're guaranteed to be a winner if you simply send off £4.49! Enclose a cheque with your order and poppadom in de post today!

PARTY ANIMALS!



Get down and throw up!

What happens when you pour a bit of blackcurrant juice into a bottle of Pernod?

You get a bottle of Pernod with some blackcurrant juice in it? No! You get 'Pernod HEX', the "ultimate party fuel" for 18 to 24 year old girls. So says the press release we've just received. According to Pernod product manager Sophie Gallois young adults all over the UK will be attracted to this new drink's "uniquely refreshing taste sensation". Already 91% of adults in Britain are "aware of the Pernod brand". (Mind you, 100% are aware of piss but that doesn't mean it tastes nice).

To be fair to 'Pernod HEX' its not just Pernod with blackcurrant juice in. Its got a bit of lime in as well, thus giving it "a contemporary twist that is set to excite a whole new generation of Pernod lovers", according to Ms. Gallois. Anyway, the bottom line is, if there's any young birds reading this could you please go out and buy a load of this sickly sweet, aniseed, blackcurrant and lime drink. It's on sale in pubs and clubs around the country, and if you're prepared to risk being sick on your own carpet its available in 275ml bottles from Victoria Wine.

We're giving away some carpet cleaner and a scrubbing brush to the winner of this 'sick' competition. Just the answer to the following sickly questions:

Win some carpet cleaner and a signed football!

1. Where did Romans used to be sick?

- (a) In aqueducts
- (b) In vomitories
- (c) In a bucket

2. Where did Captain Bligh tell Mr Christian to be sick?

- (a) In the sea
- (b) In his cabin
- (c) In a bucket

3. Who was "Thpthpthpick! Thpthpthpick! Thpthpick! All the way up to here?"

- (a) Freddy 'Parrot Face' Davies
- (b) Adam 'Budgie' Faith
- (c) Walter Pigeon

4. Who said they were going to scweam and scweam and scweam until they were thwick?

- (a) Kate Bush
- (b) Bjork
- (c) Violet Elizabeth Bott

Closing date for entries is 18th July 1996. Or the 16th rather. As an added incentive we'll throw in an extra prize, a football signed by the England team who played Portugal at Wembley this year. First correct entry out of the hat will be the winner.

ISSUE 77 COMPETITION WINNERS

PRO-PLUS COMPETITION

All entrants receive a T-shirt and a box of Pro-Plus.

Paul Harley, Catford. M Entwistle, Gateshead. Dan Howard, Loughborough. Col Ryder, Birmingham. Miss A Knight, Tonbridge. Les Turland, Hounslow. J Burgess, Bromley. Colin Woodbridge, Linlithgow. Rod Teague, Bristol. Julian Norman, South Barrow. C Sillett, Norwich. David Heath, Brentwood. H Stephenson, Nutley. Pat Riley, Leicestershire. Steve Bourne, Chippenham. Neil Osborne, East Finchley. Patrick Johns, Littleover. Gary Sawyer, Northallerton. Mr J P Woodford, Pontypridd. Paul Kay, Glasgow. Graham Johnson, Coventry. Ian Taws, Jarrow. J Harraghy, Glasgow. A Arrand, Sheffield. Simon O'Hanrahan, Margate. Mr M Pickles, Leeds. Stephanie Tickner, Battersea. David Clapham, Sheffield. Simon Robb, Glasgow. Will Bates, Norwich. Max Fowler, Wigston. J Smith, Sheffield. Nicole Cassara, New York, USA. Patrick Tilbury, Exeter. Miss A Fawcett, London. Michael Talks, Liverpool. David Grenfell, Stockton on Tees. Ben Walker, Leicester. Paul Clark, Waltham Abbey. L Jackson, County Durham. Francis Keogh, Barnet. Graham Ellwood, West Boldon. Chris Jones, Wallasey. Miss Liz Cureton, Birmingham. Jon Branson, Yardley. R Hiles, Edinburgh. Doug Sharrard, Leicester. Ian Yates, Clitheroe. Steve Middleton, Nottingham. Mr K Young, Stonehaven. Robin Atkinson, Sheffield. A MacDonald, Edmonton. Mrs L A Kay, May Avalon, Northampton. Owen Yapp, Near Exeter. James Vernon, Near Atherton. Nick Foulger, Peterborough. Rodger Walker, Leeds. O O R Cantona, Tynemouth. Jex Cole, Skelmersdale. Steve Eames, Hayes. Cathy Cooper, Surrey. Dan Gummerson, Hebden Bridge. Mr R Warner, Corley. Tracey Brown, Olton. Bill Thackray, Addington. Kevin Reihill, Yardley. Jeremy Prosser, Yardley. Norman Watson, Washington. Hazel Acton, Warrington. Louise Prince, Camberley. Bill Hooley, Liverpool. Mr B Davis, Newport. M A Meeley, Llanelli. Mr J Andrews, Smethwick. M S Glassey, Houghton le Spring. Miss R Proven, Glasgow. Elayne Sutton, Southport. Peter Finch, Chelmsford. S Webb, Worthing. Nick Talbot, Woking. Mike Painter, Harrow. David Shepherd, Oxford. David Smith, Norwich. Anthony Tull, Stratford. Alan Stevenson, Paisley. R Ward, Northallerton. Miss J Farrow, Bath. S Forsythe, Bradford. Kevin Crisell, London. G Hardingham, Cambridge. Andy McColl, Brighton.

BOTTOM COMPETITION

20 winners to receive a Bottom video and a pair of underpants.

Mike Painter, Harrow. Steve Middleton, Nottingham. Julian Norman, South Barrow. Anthony Tull, Stratford. Mrs A Martin, Birmingham. J Maskey, Colchester. Simon O'Hanrahan, Margate. Kevin Waddington, Newtown. Sheila Sloan, Mixenden. Mr M Pickles, Pudsey. Miss L K Sheehan, Herne Bay. S Webb, Worthing. Ian Walmsley, Glossop. Owen Yapp, Near Exeter. Gwynneth Broxton, Wigan. Steve Potz, Stratford. Kevin Dowd, Bolton. R Ward, Northallerton. Helen Dodd, Wigan. David Grenfell, Stockton on Tees.

CLASSICAL CRUMPT COMPETITION

Twenty winners to receive two tickets to the concert of their choice plus first three out of the hat to receive a signed Jilly Cooper book.

Tickets and book
Mr R Teague, Redland. Paul Williams, Kennington Oval. Miss L K Sheehan, Herne Bay.

Tickets
M Caravanas, Handsworth Wood. Stephanie Tickner, Battersea. Dave Edwards, Yeate. I Rispi, Wolverhampton.

JARVIS COCKER'S QUEST FOR KNOCKERS



'BLACK DAMON' HELD BY POLICE

POLICE raided a cottage on the outskirts of Sudbury yesterday morning and arrested an elderly man who was last night being questioned by detectives over alleged war crimes.

Carpenter

It is alleged that 78 year old Dimitri Przskinskiof, a retired carpenter who has lived in the village for many years is in fact 'Black Damon', the former Blur front man wanted for crimes committed during the Brit Pop War. After their defeat at the hands of Oasis members of the band fled Brit Pop under false identities.

Seeker

After the surrenders evidence began to emerge of atrocities committed by singer Albarn and his posh cohorts, among them allegations of pretending not to be posh, singing in a 'mockney' accent, being a Chelsea fan and dancing like a soppy little twat. Mr Przinkgskiof has consistently denied any involvement with the Blur forces and maintains that he was held prisoner throughout the conflict by Albarn's roadies. However he has been positively identified as 'Black Damon' by several witnesses who were forced to sit through the atrocities of his singing.



Mr Przgletskiov yesterday.

"Wow! These cash shrubs really do grow money!"

"Yes."

YES. IT'S TRUE!
MONEY DOES GROW
ON TREES!

2 dozen seedlings only £30

A BLOOMING MIRACLE!!!

I bought 2 dozen seedlings for my window box, and now I live in the Bahamas!! - Mrs B. Evans

These hardy perennial cash-bearing shrubs give crop after crop of fivers, tenners, even twenties! Enough money from each plant to buy a Rolls-Royce - every 3 months!!

Multigloriam Lollifoliarium

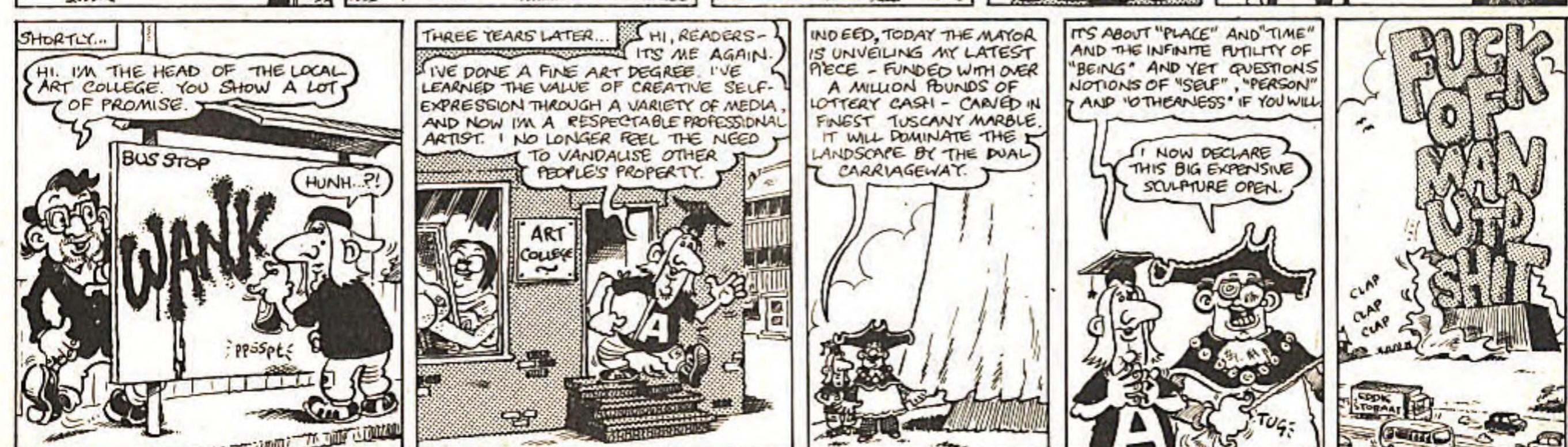
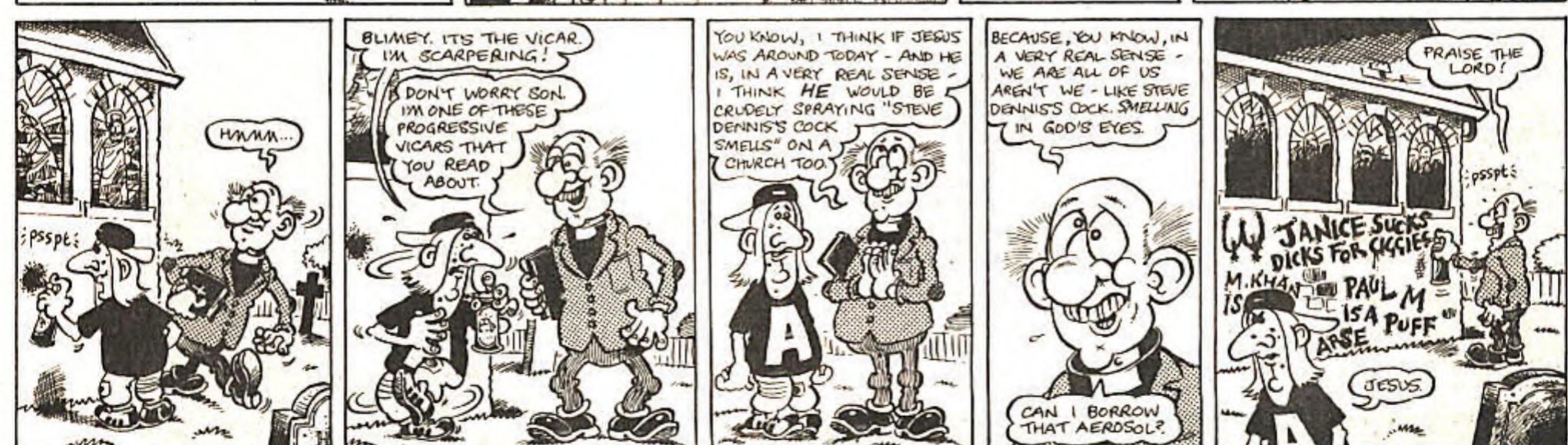
MONEY BUSHES
POST NOW

Please send me _____ dozen Money Bushes.
I enclose £ _____
Name _____
Address _____

Post to:- Samantha Fox's ex-Boyfriend Nurseries PO Box 3, Wales W99

CAT-A-MIX
from RON-TEL
The Cat-A-Mix is ideal for quick & easy mixing and agitation of cats. There's no more lumpy or uneven cats with Cat-A-Mix

A doctor who examined Mr Preztganskiof, who had wet his pants, said that in his opinion the prisoner was not fit to stand trial and recommended that he be released into local authority care awaiting further medical reports.



The Simpleton Gallery

No.22 Shit Street

Limited Edition Hovel Miniature



*"Wherever you do roam
there isn't no place like home."*

Sir John Benjamin, Poet Lorriett

A dilapidated concrete council semi sits rotting and neglected on a rundown inner city problem estate. Outside, the clatter of breaking glass and the screech of hand brake turns is interrupted only by the gentle hum of the police helicopter and the baying of mangy stray dogs.

The Simpleton Gallery present a rare opportunity to acquire a stirring evocation of nineties Britain. This enchanting model by Master small house artist Ted Bollocks is sure to be treasured by senile old dolts the world over. Meticulously hand painted by underpaid housewives who stay up all night for tuppence an hour, 22 Shit Street is an exquisite example of urban Jerry built housing hastily thrown up in the early sixties. Every detail has been masterfully attended to. From the fire damaged, urine stained mattress carelessly discarded below the bedroom window, to the jauntily angled dustbin spilling its putrid contents across the path in a splash of repulsive colour. There is even an old washing machine rusting gently by the rotting gate! Indeed, so accurate is this miniature masterpiece, you can almost hear the sound of a delinquent six year old being mauled in the back garden by his drunken father's pit bull terrier.

Acquiring this hair loom could not be easier. You need not even worry about the price. You simply pay us in convenient monthly instalments. When your model is paid for we will simply stop debiting money from your bank account. Its that easy! To order today simply complete the Prestige Reservation Form opposite.

**The Simpleton
Gallery**

Our 30 Day Money-Back Guarantee is not worth the paper it is written on.
So we won't bother sending you one.

Prestige Reservation Form

(Offer applies to UK Senior Citizens only)

Name (in your usual spidery scrawl please).....

Address.....

I am a senile simpleton who is both impressed and confused by big words. I left school aged 14, illiterate and pregnant, and probably worked in an asbestos mill for a shilling a week till I was 104 when I retired due to ill health. I have 40 children who never went without, but they all live in Australia now and I never see my grandchildren. I cannot read small print like this so God only knows what I'm about to sign. But sign it I will. Here goes. I, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave and bequeath all my worldly goods and Earthly chattels, without let or hindrance, to the Simpleton Gallery. This Will and Testament supersedes all previous and subsequent Wills signed by me.

Signed, sealed and delivered this day of 19.....

Signed by

In the presence of (Leave this part blank. We will fill it in for you)

Signature..... Name..... Occupation.....

Address

Post to: **The Simpleton Gallery, FREEPOST, P. O. Box 12378, Mile End, London E12.** (There is no need to use a stamp, but please enclose fifty pounds cash from that teapot on your mantelpiece towards our postage costs).

We may allow disreputable tarmac gangs, roofers and cowboy builders to visit your home and bamboozle you with offers to pretend to carry out unnecessary work to your property in return for quite fantastic sums of money. If you would prefer not to hear from them tick here. It won't do you any good, but it might make you feel better.